★ April 18, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

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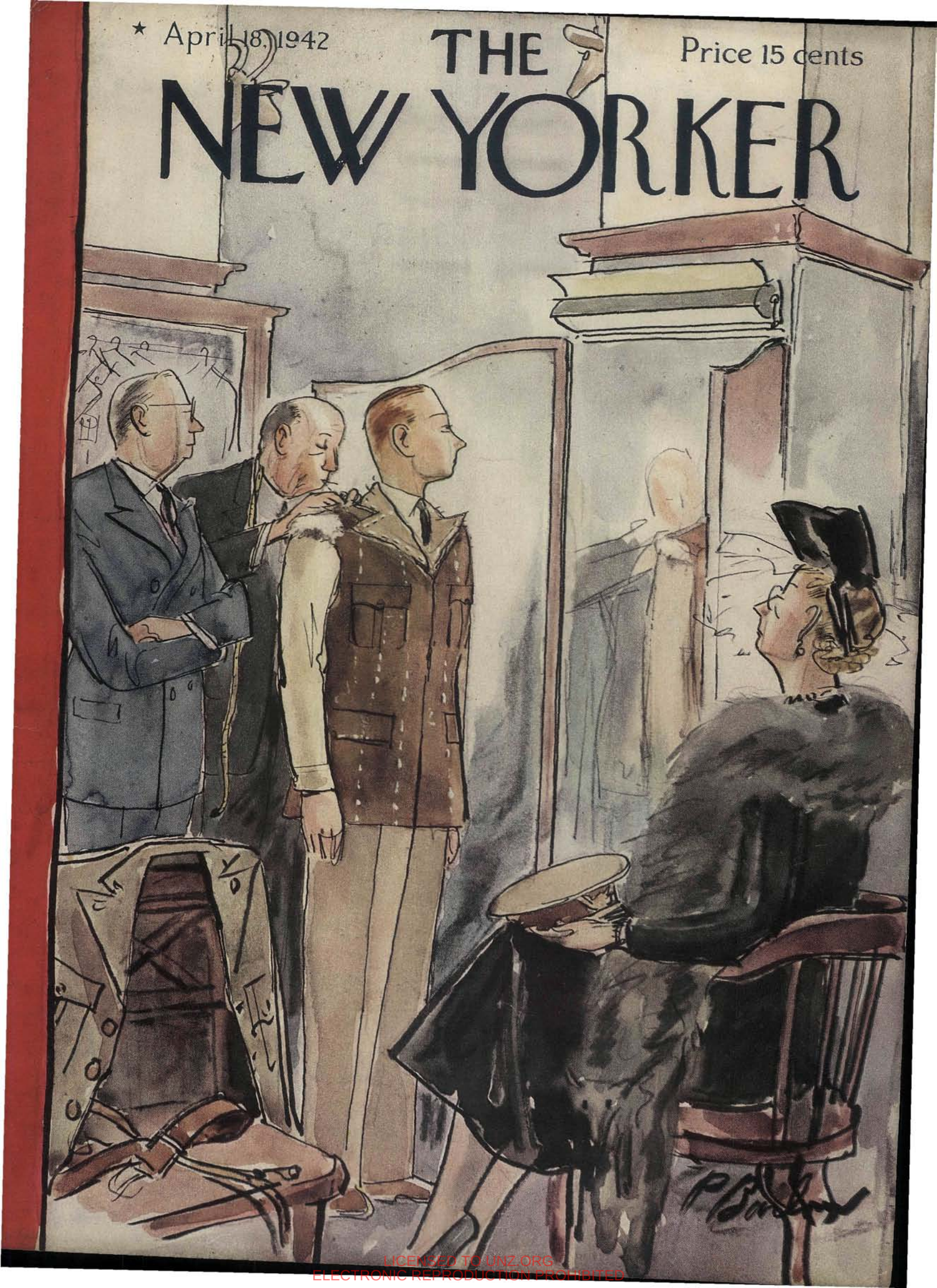

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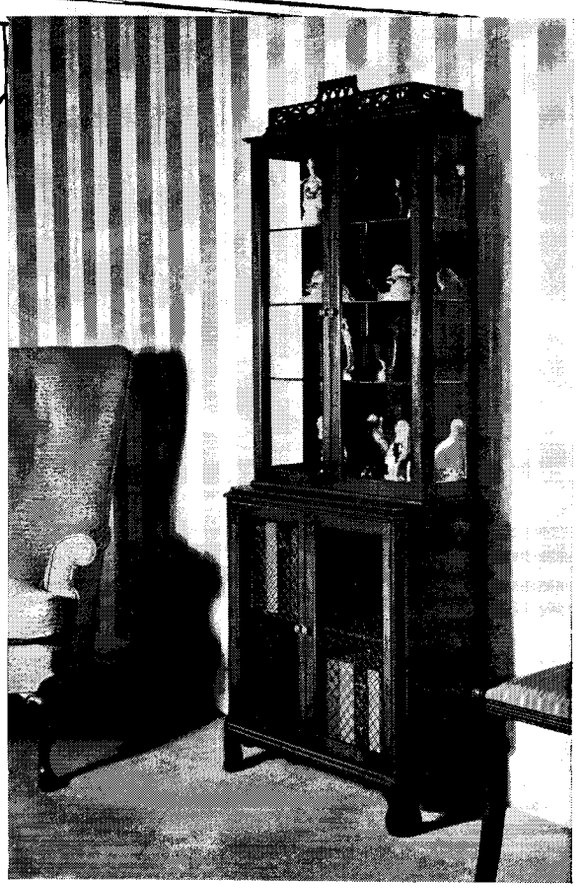

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Café Crown—The special humor of Second Avenue and the Yiddish Art Theatre transferred to the stage by H. S. Kraft. Rather slight for the general public, though Sam Jaffe and Morris Carnovsky are fine as local celebrities. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Guest in the House—A rather underrated piece about a terrible young woman who wrecks a tranquil Connecticut household. With Mary Anderson, Louise Campbell, and Leon Ames. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Jason—A playwright teaches a critic to love his fellow-man and then spoils it all by trying to seduce his wife. Highly implausible but fairly entertaining. Lee J. Cobb has the title rôle and Nicholas Conte impersonates the playwright. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Johnny 2 x 4—The spirit of the prohibition era recaptured in a melodrama that is pretty good fun, though a bit simple-minded. Howard Bay's set is superb and an enormous cast includes Jack Arthur, Barry Sullivan, Evelyn Wyckoff, and the Yacht Club Boys. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. Among those in the adult cast are Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Matt Briggs, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Moon Is Down—John Steinbeck's point is that herd men sometimes win battles but always lose wars. Unfortunately, his play about a conquered country doesn't prove it very convincingly. The cast includes Ralph Morgan, Whitford Kane, and Otto Kruger. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Nathan the Wise—A plea for tolerance that is certainly worthy but perhaps a little static. Ferdinand Bruckner has translated the 1779 original by Gotthold Lessing. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Spring Again—Moderately comic account of how a lady gets rid of her father-in-law's ghost. Grace George, C. Aubrey Smith, and Joseph Buloff are all excellent. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Autumn Hill—A play by Norma Mitchell and John Harris, with Beth Merrill and Dorrit Kelton. Produced by Max Liebman. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Yesterday's Magic—Paul Muni and Jessica Tandy in a play by Emlyn Williams. Staged by Reginald Denham and produced by the Theatre Guild. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Banjo Eyes—A musical version of "Three Men on a Horse" which hasn't a great deal to recommend it except size and Eddie Cantor. His assistants include Lionel Stander and the De Marcos. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Best Foot Forward—George Abbott, who has a way with children, has assembled a lot of them into a very pretty and cheerful comedy about life in a preparatory school. The scenery is by Jo Mielziner, the dances by Gene Kelly, and the music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—Some lovely skating which starts off by being quite exciting but which you may find somewhat wearing before it's over. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and Sun. at 3.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence still carrying on splendidly in Moss Hart's psychiatric opera. The cast includes Eric Brotherson, Walter Coy, Willard Parker, and Paul McGrath. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their military escorts is extremely handsome and satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Of V We Sing—A semi-professional revue with a lot of nice children but not quite enough talent. (Concert, 58, E. CI 6-3853. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat. and Sun.)

Porgy and Bess—Catfish Row resurrected, and about time, too. Most of the original cast, including Todd Duncan, Anne Brown, and Georgette Harvey, are in this superb revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Priorities of 1942—A vaudeville show that should appeal to the old enthusiasts. On this week's bill: Lou Holtz, Willie Howard, Phil Baker, Paul Draper, and Hazel Scott. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, daily; also Sat. and Sun. at 5:30.)

Sons o' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. The current Olsen and Johnson brain storm contains Carmen Miranda, Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 25.

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

What Big Ears!—A farce by Jo Eisinger and Judson O'Donnell, with Ruth Weston and Taylor Holmes. Produced by L. Daniel Blank and David Silberman. Opens Mon., April 20. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Keep 'Em Laughing—Another variety show, put together by Clifford C. Fischer, with Hildegarde, the Hartmans, William Gaxton, and Victor Moore heading the bill. Opens Fri., April 24. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, daily; also Sat. and Sun. at 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Blue Hill Troupe's annual production will be "The Pirates of Penzance": Thurs. and Fri. Eves., April 16-17, at 8:45. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.) . . . The Savoy Opera Guild in "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., April 16-18; "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., April 23-25; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Alice in Wonderland": Sat. Aft., April 25, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—Extending its spring season with "Swan Lake," "Pillar of Fire," "Pas de Quatre," and "Princess Aurora," Wed. Eve., April 22; "Gala Performance," "Russian Soldier," and "Bluebeard," Thurs. Eve., April 23; "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," and "Bluebeard." Fri. Eve., April 24; "Princess Aurora," "Pas de Quatre," and "Naughty Lisette," Sat. Aft., April 25; "Gala Performance," "Russian Soldier," "Lilac Garden," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Eve., April 25. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Presenting "The Magic Swan," "Rouge et Noir," and "Gaité Parisienne," Thurs. Eve., April 16; "Labyrinth," "Schéhérazade," and "Gaité Parisienne," Fri. Eve., April 17; "The Nutcracker," "Spectre de la Rose," and "The New Yorker," Sat. Aft., April 18; "The Magic Swan," "St. Francis," and "Beau Danube," Sat. Eve., April 18; "Serenade," "The Nutcracker," and "Gaité Parisienne," Sun. Aft., April 19; "Saratoga," "Rouge et Noir," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Sun. Eve., April 19; "Schéhérazade," "Seventh Symphony," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Prince Igor," Mon. Eve., April 20; "Rouge et Noir," "The Nutcracker," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Tues. Eve., April 21. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Dance Players—A new company, under the direction of Eugene Loring, will present "Billy the Kid," "Harlequin for President," and "The Man from Midian," Tues. and Wed. Eves., April 21-22; "Harlequin for President," "Prairie," and "The Man from Midian," Thurs. Eve., April 23; "Harlequin for President," "Jinx," and "Billy the Kid," Fri. Eve., April 24; "Prairie," "Jinx," and "Billy the Kid," Sat. Aft., April 25; "Prairie," "Jinx," and "Harlequin for Presi-

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dent," Sat. Eve., April 25. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—Assisted by their company in "With My Red Fires": Fri. through Sun. Eves., April 24-26, at 8:45. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon. Eves., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has no floor show to interfere with your dancing to Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins head the charming ice show in the Bowman Room. Music by Enric Madriguera's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a samba band, and a show with Carol Bruce, all among the palm trees.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Joseph C. Smith and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Waiters in knee breeches give the Cotillion Room a lordly air. Songs by Yvonne Bouvier and music by Stanley Melba's orchestra.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Russell Swann is doing his droll magic tricks in the Persian Room, where Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The altitude seems to have no ill effect on Eleanor French, Billy de Wolfe, and Helen Tamiris. Leo Reisman's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The iridium Iridium Room has music for dancing by Paul Sparr's orchestra.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is at home again in the Café Lounge, where Bob Grant's orchestra plays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Filled with the better-looking uniforms. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and an elaborate show.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Dinah Shore sings and Freddy Martin's orchestra plays for dancing in the Wedgwood Room and, at the supper hour, Paul Draper is there too. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Paula Laurence, singing her witty little songs, heads the show in this small, quiet place. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): the Revuers are on hand, and so, as usual, is Spivy. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and other people play gin rummy in this big, low-ceilinged, softly lighted room. . . . **tony's**, 59 W. 52 (PL 5-0170): gin rummy here, too, as well as piano-playing by Cy Walter, and guest entertainers now and then. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of Central Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an easygoing kind of spot, with Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and everything nice and cozy. . . . **la martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show headed by Mary Raye and Naldi. . . . **café society uptown**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with music coming at you pretty fast from Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, Joe Sullivan, and Eddie South's band. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a Russian program, with folk songs and such. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Tommy Tucker's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Frankie Masters' orchestra. . . . **warwick**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a mite of a dance floor and Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **bill's gay nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of. . . . **jimmy kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

•

Broadway Atmosphere—At **la conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra, surrounded by South Americana. . . . **havana-madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with Pilar Lopez, the dancer, and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **18 club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): the humor here isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is the mainstay at present. . . . **diamond horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Betty Compson, Gilda Gray, and Carlyle Blackwell.

Mostly for Music—At **café society downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best musical talent in Greenwich, or any other, Village, including Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. . . . **nick's**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Pee Wee Russell at the head of a shifting personnel. . . . **jimmy ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **castleholm**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **kretchma**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

Abstractionists—A compact but extremely well-selected collection, covering the main figures of the movement both here and abroad, from Marcel Duchamp to our own Stuart Davis: New Art Center, 715 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

Americans—Paintings by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists, from the collection of Harry Stone: American Primitives, 555 Madison, at 56. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 18.

Benton and Hirsch—The first shows a set of new paintings inspired by the war (through Sat., April 25), the second some brilliantly characterized city-genre studies (through Sat., April 18): Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Blatas—An exhibition of landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes, Expressionist in style: French Art, 51 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 18.

Bosa—Fluid, lively little oils, mainly of city-genre subjects: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30.

Bouché—A showing of new oils, warm and airy, as always: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 18.

Braque—Oils, from the early nineteen-twenties to the middle nineteen-thirties, by this most sensitive of the Cubists: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 25.

Carroll—New oils, sleekly wistful and sentimental, as usual: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 2.

Di Chirico—Décors and costume designs for a Greek ballet. Slight, but interesting as examples of what the unwilling founder of surrealism is now doing: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 25.

Ernst—This leading European surrealist shows intricately allusive oils in his first one-man exhibition here in years: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 18.

Flemish Primitives—Twenty-eight paintings in a handsome showing that includes Hans Memling, Gerard David, Petrus Christus, and most of the other great names of the pre-Renaissance period; a benefit for free Belgian sailors: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon., 12 noon to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 9.

Gropper—A considerable advance in painting skill makes this new show of oils his liveliest and best: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through April 30.

Groups—At the **demotte**, 39 E. 51: an impressive list of paintings and sculptures, ranging from Bellini to Picasso and Despiau, lent by an equally impressive array of stage, screen, and radio people; a war-relief benefit. Wed. and Thurs., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **downtown**, 43 E. 51: spring showing of new paintings by Karfiol, Kuniyoshi, Sheeler, and other artists associated with this gallery. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 2. . . . **andre seligmann**, 15 E. 57: Derain and Corbino lead in a mixed group of landscapes by living European and American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **macbeth**, 11 E. 57: for its fiftieth anniversary, this gallery offers a résumé of the artists it has shown in its distinguished history, beginning with Inness and Wyant. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **puma**, 59 W. 56: religious paintings and sculptures by Jean Charlot, Max Beckmann, Louis Slobodkin, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through April 26.

Independents—The annual juryless jamboree of Sunday painters and eccentrics, with, occasionally, hitherto undiscovered excellence: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through April 28.

Kelly—Drawings, somewhere between seventeenth-century baroque and modern surrealism in spirit, in a first one-man show of more than usual interest: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 18.

Matta—A young Paris surrealist, especially gifted in the manipulation of form and color, has his first one-man showing here: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 18.

Menkes—A number of extremely well-designed still-lifes, among other things, by an artist whose debt to Cézanne is acknowledged with subtlety and tact: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 25.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The Museum's collection of Rembrandts, shown in its entirety for the first time, and the Gallatin collection of Greek vases, with over two hundred and fifty examples, ranging from the seventh to the second centuries B.C. (both through April 30); stirring architectural etchings by Piranesi (through May 31). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Museum of Living Art, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Works by Jean Hélion, Carl Holty, Vaclav Vytlacil, and other abstract artists. Mon. through Fri., 8 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through the summer.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Large, beautifully selected exhibition of paintings by Henri Rousseau, *douanier* (through May 3); also, abstract art by various European and American masters, partly loans and partly from the Museum's permanent collection (through May 29). In the Young People's Gallery, paintings and sculptures, the work of modern artists and selected for their appeal to children (through April 26). Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The institution's hundred-and-sixteenth annual exhibition of paintings and sculptures. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 16.

Peirce—Hearty, unaffectedly sympathetic water colors, principally of Maine: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 18.

Pellan—Still-lifes mostly, very decorative and slightly suggestive of Matisse: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 25.

Portraits—Eighteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, and such not so well-known artists as Francis Abbott and Nathaniel Dance: Newton, 11 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., April 18.

Renoir—An exhibition of his paintings, from 1900 on; a benefit for the Children's Aid Society: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 25.

Ritter—Fluently handled water colors, done with a quick and accurate sense of design: Uptown, 249 West End Ave., at 72. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., April 24.

Santo—Small, delicately naïve water colors, chiefly of landscapes and flowers: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 30.

Sterner—Smooth, impeccable oils, somewhat surrealist in manner: Marie Sterner, 9 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Selected sculptures by contemporary Americans and paintings from the Museum's permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 29.

Here and There—At the **st. etienne**, 46 W. 57: memorial exhibition of paintings by the American primitive Bertha Trabich. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 18. . . . **wakefield**, 64 E. 55: paintings and drawings by Peggy Worthington. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 18. . . . **zborowski**, 61 E. 57: pen and pencil drawings by Max Jimenez. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 2. . . . **milch**, 108 W. 57: recent water colors by John Whorf. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 25. . . . **grand central**, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43: the Coverdale collection of Canadian paintings, water colors, and prints; a benefit for the Maple Leaf Fund. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 18. . . . **lilienfeld**, 21 E. 57: paintings by Borislaw Bogdanovich. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 25. . . . **an american**

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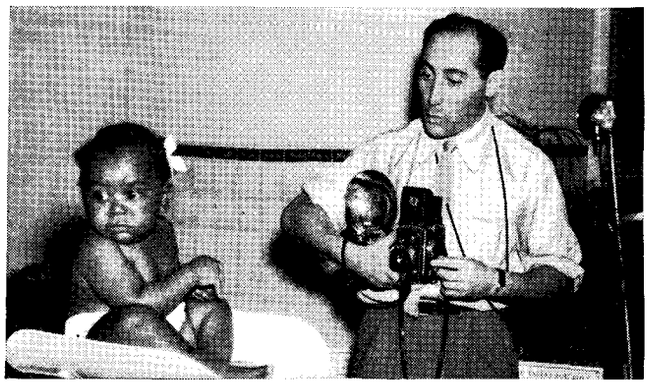
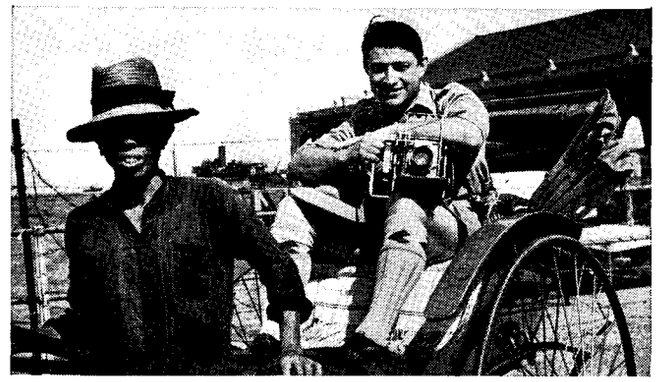
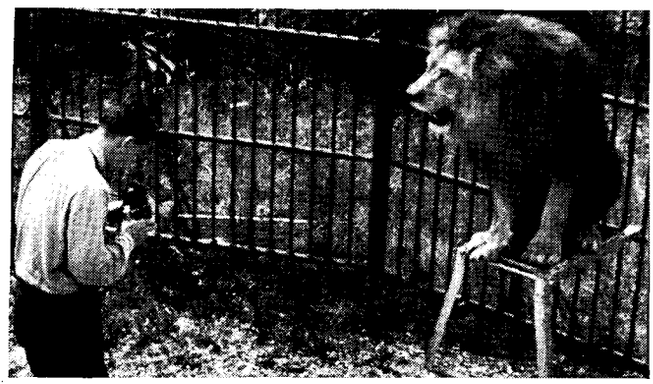


Alfred Eisenstaedt, shown at a baby contest, is one of the world's great photographers. A specialist in people and patterns, his LIFE job on West Point won first prize as 1941's "best educational story."



Carl Mydans, who was captured in January by the Japs at Manila, is one of the famous photographers of World War II. He covered four wars in two years—in Finland, France, China, Philippines.

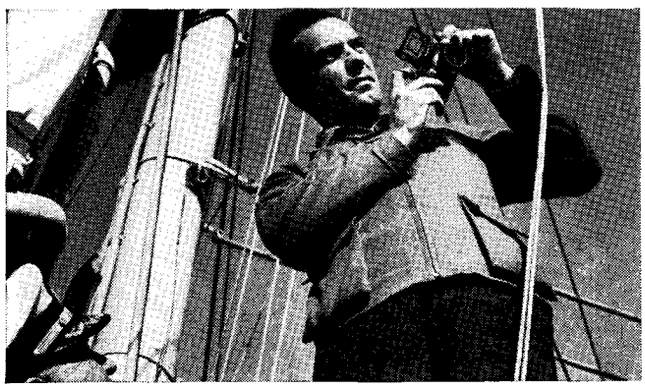
David Scherman is on assignment in London. Rescued from the Zam-Zam, he got exclusive pictures of sinking and German raider. He took the enactment of "This Above All," A.E.F. landing in Ireland.



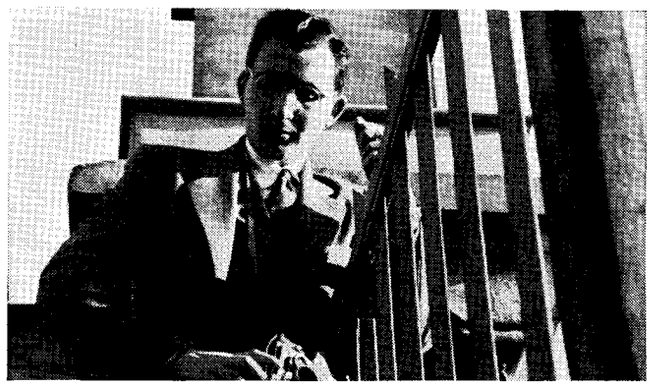
John Phillips just did "A Typical American Family at War." Phillips knows war and its impact on people from four years in Europe. He took LIFE's Polish Essay, Czech and Austrian occupations.

William Vandivert just returned from the Brooklyn Dodgers' Cuban training camp. From 1939 to 1941 he was LIFE's chief European photographer, covering Blitz on London, British defenses at Gibraltar.

Hart Preston just arrived in Ankara, Turkey. He took outstanding pictures of Pan-American Conference at Rio. He flew 8,000 miles up the Amazon with President Vargas, covered Chile's Fifth Column.



Thomas D. McAvoy, LIFE's top Washington man the last four years, has photographed President Roosevelt oftener than any other cameraman, was first to photograph Senate in session.



Bernard Hoffman, covering the Home Front, started as an office boy in LIFE's New York office. He almost froze photographing Winter in Maine; took LIFE's color pictures of Rockefeller Center.

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Eyes for the Minds of America

TO HAVE a clear understanding of the war, Americans must see how the fighting goes—the battlefields, soldiers, weapons, geography, people, cities, industries.

To have a satisfactory goal, Americans must see what the fighting is *for*, all the manifestations of democracy and our way of life.

LIFE shows these things with all the *reality*, *simplicity*, and *scope* of life itself—so that every issue is eagerly and easily read by 21,900,000 people.

To do this job requires a large, far-flung staff of photographers, writers, and editors.

Here, for example, are 13 of LIFE's staff photographers. They are a few of the hundreds of LIFE cameramen and reporters on assignment in this country and abroad, getting the pictures and writing the stories that you'll see in LIFE next week or next month.

Each week they send approximately 3,000 pictures and more than 50,000 words of news dispatches to the desks of LIFE's editors.

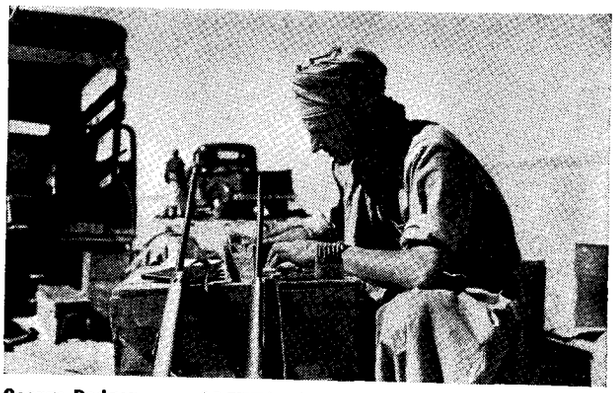
It is through the skill, ingenuity, intelligence, and world-wide teamwork of these men and women in the field, and LIFE's editors, writers, and researchers, that LIFE fulfills its continuing purpose of being the "Eyes for the Minds of America."

LIFE

William Shrout who did LIFE's recent picture-story on "Florida at War" joined LIFE's staff in 1940 after having set a record by taking 2 out of 3 successive "Pictures of the Week." He covered Willkie in 1940.

Margaret Bourke-White, the only non-Russian or German to cover the Russian front, took pictures of Stalin, bombing of the Kremlin. She returned from Archangel by convoy and plane.

Robert Landry has probably spent more time with U. S. Pacific fleet since December 7 than any other photographer. He took LIFE's pictures of the raid on the Gilbert and Marshall Islands.



George Rodger, one of LIFE's photo-reporters, now with British armed forces in Burma, did America's "Flying Tigers" (recently in LIFE), spent 20 months in Africa, the Middle East, India.

Peter Stackpole who spent three weeks on an aircraft carrier snapping our Navy's air force, was among the first members of LIFE's staff, best known for pictures of Hollywood stars.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 25.

PLACE, 509 Madison, at 53: recent paintings by Arthur Dove. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 27. . . . **SACHS,** 63 E. 52: "The Animal in Ancient Art," including small sculptures, ceramics, and other archaic objets d'art. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: paintings by Harry Dix. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through May 8. . . . **WILLARD,** 32 E. 57: water colors by Gina Knee. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 2. . . . **BUCHHOLZ,** 32 E. 57: paintings by Karl Knaths. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 2.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Walter conducting the final concerts of the regular season: Thurs. Eve., April 16, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., April 17, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., April 19, at 3. . . . Toscanini conducting a post-season Beethoven Festival: the Missa Solemnis, with Kirk, Castagna, Johnson, Kipnis, and the Westminster Choir, Wed. Eve., April 22, at 8:45; the "Egmont" overture, Symphonies No. 1 and 2, and the "Leonore" overture No. 2, Fri. Aft., April 24, at 2:30. . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., April 18, at 11.

LEHMAN ENGEL SINGERS—Engel conducting; Russian War Relief benefit: Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., April 16, at 8:45.

CONCERT ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Halasz conducting a concert version of Act II of "Don Giovanni;" soloists, Bokor, Flesch, Knight, and others: Concert Theatre, 202 W. 58 (CI 6-3853), Mon. Eve., April 20, at 8:45.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE CHAMBER MUSIC HALL—Mozart String Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eve., April 16, at 8:30.

TOWN HALL—Caterina Jarboro, Sun. Eve., April 19, at 8:30.

JUNIOR LEAGUE CLUBHOUSE—Bruce Simonds, a benefit for the Turtle Bay Music School: Fri. Eve., April 17, at 8:45. (221 E. 71. For tickets, call WI 2-2395.)

NEW YORK TIMES HALL—William Masselos and Lois Wann, a benefit for men in the services and music students: Tues. Aft., April 21, at 5:30. (44th St., W. of B'way. For tickets, call PL 5-6889.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Dodgers, Thurs. Aft., April 16, at 3; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Mon. and Tues. Afts., April 20-21, at 3; Giants vs. Boston, Fri. Aft., April 24, at 3, and Sat. Aft., April 25, at 2:30. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. and Sun. Afts., April 17 and 19, at 3, and Sat. Aft., April 18, at 2:30; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., April 22-23, at 3. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., April 17, at 3, and Sat. and Sun. Afts., April 18-19, at 2:30; Dodgers vs. Boston, Mon. and Tues. Afts., April 20-21, at 3.

CREW—On **SAT. AFT., APRIL 18**—Columbia-Rutgers, Harlem River (Polo Grounds to Dyckman St.): freshman at 3; junior varsity at 3:30; varsity at 4. . . . Princeton-Navy, Princeton: junior varsity at 4; varsity at 4:30.

SAT. AFT., APRIL 25—Navy-Columbia, Annapolis: freshman at 3; junior varsity at 3:30; varsity at 4. . . . Rowe Cup, Harvard-M.I.T.-Syracuse-Boston University, Cambridge: freshman at 4:45; junior varsity at 5:15; varsity at 5:30. . . . Pennsylvania-Rutgers, Philadelphia: freshman at 2; junior varsity at 2:30; varsity at 3.

HORSE SHOWS—Round Hill Club Stables, Greenwich, Conn., Sat., April 18, at 2 and 8 P.M. . . . Junior Horse Show of Northern New Jersey, East Orange, Fri., April 24, at 1:30 and 7:15 P.M., and Sat., April 25, at 1 and 8 P.M.

HUNT RACES—Grand National Point-to-Point, Hereford, Md., Sat., April 18, at 4 P.M. . . . Maryland Hunt Cup Association, Glyndon, Sat., April 25, at 4 P.M.

RACING—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2 P.M.; through May 9. (Excelsior Handicap, Sat., April 18; the Wood Memorial, Sat., April 25.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn Station between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M. on Sats. and between 12:30 and 1:30 P.M. on other weekdays.

SKEET—Intercollegiate championships, Remington Gun Club, Lordship, Stratford, Conn., Sat., April 18, at 10 A.M.

OTHER EVENTS

THE CIRCUS—The Ringling show, with Norman Bel Geddes trappings and Stravinsky music: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; through May 10.

FIRE-FIGHTING IN REVIEW—An exhibition, described as tracing the history of the city's Fire Department "from leather bucket to stirrup pump," which includes actual pieces of equipment as well as models, old and new: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

FIREARMS EXHIBITION—A hundred and thirty revolvers, among them a number of historical pieces and two rare Whitneyville Walkers, all manufactured by Samuel Colt from 1836 to 1873: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

BENEFITS—The Red, White, and Blue Ball, for the Soldiers and Sailors Club: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., April 17, at 10. . . . A concert, with Alexander Kipnis and the Philharmonic-Symphony Trio, followed by an entertainment and ball, for Russian War Relief: Hotel Commodore, Fri. Eve., April 17, at 8:45.

PLANETARIUM—"Weather Signs in the Sky" is the current lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

ON THE AIR—News commentators: Elmer Davis, Mon. Eves. at 11, WABC; John Gunther, Thurs., Sat., Sun., and Mon. Eves. at 10, WOR; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF; Waverley Root, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, and Tues. Eves. at 11, WABC; Dorothy Thompson, Thurs. Eves. at 8:45, WJZ; Wythe Williams, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WHN. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; Sun. Afts. at 1:45, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES,** 30 E. 57—Chinese, Persian, and Egyptian objects of art, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French and Italian furniture, and Gothic and Renaissance paintings and sculptures, from the collection of the late Mrs. Christian R. Holmes: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., April 16-18, at 2. . . . Books, autograph letters, manuscripts, and incunabula, from the libraries of the Holmes, C. L. Ricketts, and Mantle Fielding estates. Wed. and Thurs. Afts., April 22-23, at 2.

PLAZA ART GALLERIES, 9 E. 59—Precious-stone jewelry, paintings, porcelains, and objects of art, donated by their owners; a benefit for men in the services: Thurs. Aft., April 16, at 2.

MOTION PICTURES

CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS—Tough goings on among Canadian air cadets and instructors, all in Technicolor. With James Cagney. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., April 17. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Wed., April 17-22. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Wed. through Sat., April 22-25.)

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE—Of life and its strange customs and superstitions in the back hills of Mexico, far from the busy social worker. With a story by Steinbeck and a commentary spoken by Burgess Meredith. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; tentative, from Sat., April 18.)

THE GOLD RUSH—Charlie Chaplin's classic, which he himself has revised for sound and which turns out to be fresh and modern and altogether still a pleasure. (Globe, B'way at 46; opening Sat., April 18.)

THE INVADERS—Nazi adventures in Canada—a thoroughly exciting travelogue. With Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., April 20.)

KINGS ROW—An adult story, well written and firmly acted. Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains head a generally fine cast. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., April 22.)

LADIES IN RETIREMENT—Of murder in a lonely cottage, and of three weird sisters, and all very intense and enthralling. With Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Sun., April 17-19.)

REAP THE WILD WIND—A Cecil B. De Mille film for his followers only, Technicolored in the brightest hues and about life a hundred years ago around the Florida Keys. With Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and Raymond Massey. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., April 22.)

SON OF FURY—Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power hurtled about in a tale of old England and the South Sea Islands and wild adventure generally. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., April 20-21.)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS—If you're a Preston Sturges admirer, this one will likely disappoint you, but it has its moments. Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., April 17. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., April 18. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Mon., April 18-20.)

SUSPICION—Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant in a smooth movie of murder and mystery, based on Francis Iles' "Before the Fact" and directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Perhaps more on the pretty side than the original novel, yet with some of its excitement. (Art, 36 E. 8; Mon. through Wed., April 20-22.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—Hepburn, Tracy; jokes about baseball, refugees, and bridal nights. Ho hum, take it away. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Thurs., April 16. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., April 22. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., April 18-20.)

REVIVALS

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man and his life. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., April 17.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

JOY OF LIVING (1938)—Comedy, Kern tunes, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., April 16. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., April 22-23.)

MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., April 17. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., April 18. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Fri., April 18-24.)

MATA HARI (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. through Wed., April 19-22.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward and Julie Haydon in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sat., April 18.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing programs of American and European films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., APRIL 16-17:** "Nanook of the North" (1922), Robert Flaherty documentary film. **SAT. AND SUN., APRIL 18-19:** "Grandma's Boy" (1922), Harold Lloyd, and "Sherlock, Jr." (1924), Buster Keaton. **MON. AND TUES., APRIL 20-21:** "The Covered Wagon" (1923), early Western. **WED. AND THURS., APRIL 22-23:** three French films (1913-23), including "The Crazy Ray," René Clair's first film. **FRI. AND SAT., APRIL 24-25:** two German films (1922-23).

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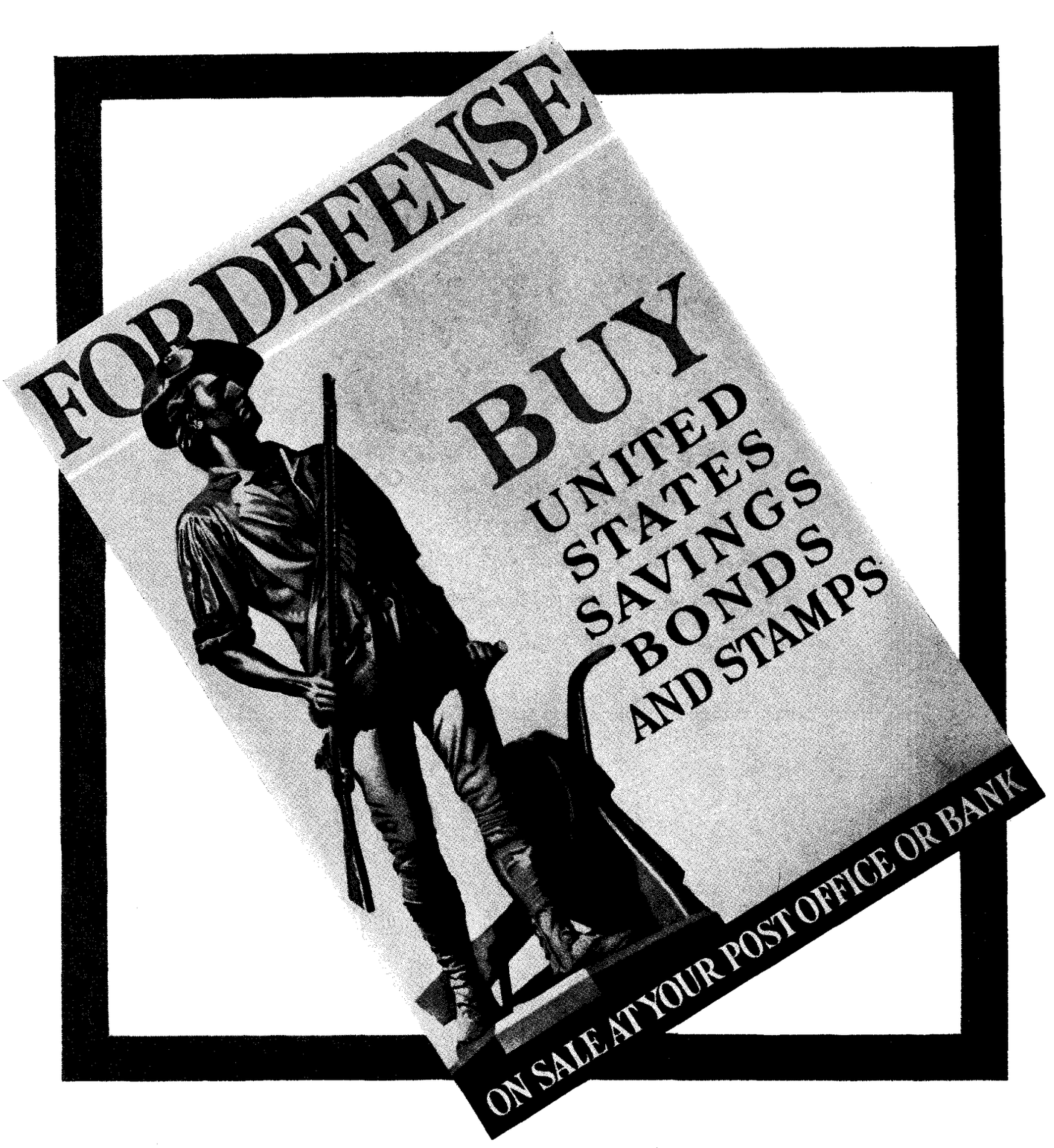

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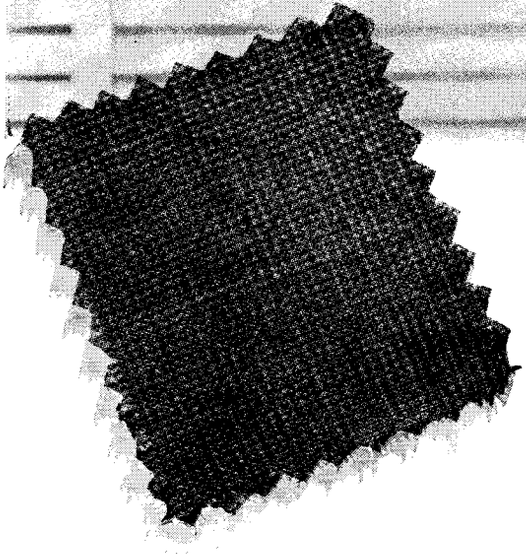

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A MILITARY man in Washington writes us that the Marine Corps' intelligence department down there has learned that the Japanese armed forces are organized on the basis of one typewriter per combat brigade and, on the sea, one per capital ship. Surrounded as he is by some thirty-five thousand industrious publicists, all operating either typewriters or multigraph machines, he is of the opinion that the enemy has the right idea. "Too many people are out to win this war with type-

writers," he says. "They are organizing on all sides, whole batteries of them. You can hear them clicking away, being brought up and deployed. The only way we're going to get anywhere in this war is to kill Japanese (or Germans). Names aren't going to bother them." His solution is simple, though perhaps a little drastic. Not only would he prohibit the manufacture of new typewriters but also he is in favor of melting down about ninety-five per cent of the old ones and using the metal for machine guns.

At the risk of seeming to cut our own throat, we have to admit that there is something in what he says. Our mail this morning brought us no less than six communications from patriotic organizations of one kind or another, consisting largely of long lists of the names of prominent people who are in favor of liberty and against tyranny. In addition to these there was a handsome three-color pamphlet from the Treasury Department urging us to buy War Bonds, something that practically everybody we know is doing already, without prodding. At a rough estimate, we should say that enough metal, machinery, and effort are employed in getting out these communications (which nobody reads) to build a medium bomber every eight hours from now on. Furthermore, this kind of thing represents only an infinitesimal part of the total volume of writing now being produced in the United States. Sitting at our breakfast table on Sunday morning, knee-deep in the *Times* and *Herald Tribune*, each complete with Garden, Real Estate, and Society sections, we tried to think of what they might represent in terms of strictly military effort. It was almost too staggering to contemplate, but we have an idea that the whole Atlantic seaboard could be fortified in depth if, for the duration, nobody in America wrote another line except for the express purpose of telling his countrymen what was going on. It would be pretty hard on fancy letters but, as our friend says, it ought to kill a lot of Germans.

WE are delighted with the recent censorship ruling in the matter of motion-picture harems. Some scenes in a Paramount picture now in production are set in a harem, and after careful deliberation the censors have decided to

allow this type of polyform allure *provided* the boudoir does not contain the sultan. The girls can mill about among the pillows, back and side having gone bare, but no male eye must gaze upon them—save, of course, yours, lucky reader. This harem-but-no-sultan decision belongs in the truly great body of opinion interpreting the American moral law. It takes its place alongside the celebrated 1939 ruling on the exposure of female breasts in the Flushing World of Tomorrow, which provided that one breast could be presented publicly but not two, and thereby satisfied the two seemingly irreconcilable groups: the art-lovers, who demanded breasts but were willing to admit that if you'd seen one you'd seen them both, and the decency clique, who held out for concealment but were agreed that the fact of concealing one breast established the essential reticence of the owner and thereby covered the whole situation, or chest. That subtle and far-reaching ruling carried the Fair, as we know, safely through two difficult seasons, and we imagine that the aseptic harem will do as much for Hollywood.

WE like all stories about filing systems, and especially one we heard the other day about something that happened over at *Life*. One of the young ladies, while cleaning up a cabinet containing an index of possible subjects for future articles, came across two cards that pleased her very much: "Boll, Weevil" and "House, Col. Random."

A WEEK or so ago the *Times* printed a letter from a man who pleaded that a place be found in the war effort for salesmen—"men of sufficient ability and character to have earned in the past annual incomes ranging from $5,000 to $15,000, or more." After due reflection, we are prepared to give this idea our full approval. Let the sales manager move his map and push-pins from the home office to G.H.Q. Let the insurance salesman exhort the front-line troops, pointing out that they are really doing little enough for their loved ones. The nimble vacuum-cleaner salesman shall turn to military use his debonair skill in forcing his way into houses, assembling a complicated mechanism, and putting it into operation in the face of stubborn resistance; he shall be given the job of establishing machine-gun emplacements. Finally, when the American salesman has won his inevitable victory, the humbled foe shall have

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a confidential interview with the credit manager, who will arrange his surrender on easy terms.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Crossing a footbridge that leads into the famous Giant Redwood Forest in California automatically touches off a recording of Nelson Eddy singing "Trees."

One member of Local Draft Board No. 29, Manhattan, is a tall, mellow man named Napoleon Brandé.

Brentano's has marked down, for quick clearance, its stock of travel diaries, the kind that have "My Trip Abroad" stamped on the cover.

Resource

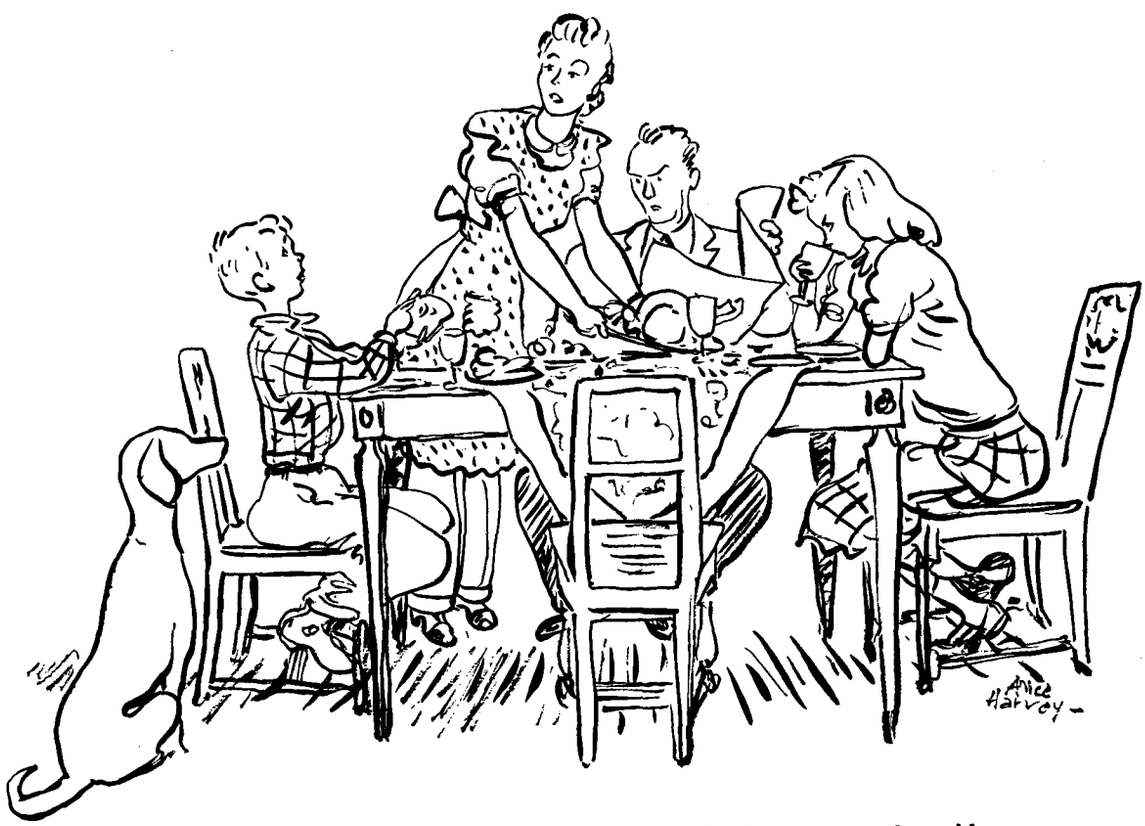
IN Ottawa, as in Washington, the war program has resulted in the hiring of thousands of provincial girls, and they usually find time hanging heavy on their hands at the end of the day's work, since they outnumber the men many times over. We've heard about one ingenious little thing who, after several months of sitting alone in her room of evenings, let drop a few cryptic hints about the office which could be interpreted as indicating that she was in contact with spies or saboteurs or some such. In no time at all a personable member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police had struck up an acquaintance with her. He hasn't been able to report to his superiors yet on any subversive activities, but meanwhile the two have been doing the town pretty thoroughly, and the young lady has been having a fine time.

Crazy Over Horses

THINGS are humming down at the establishment of H. Kauffman & Sons, on East Twenty-fourth Street, where you can buy everything necessary to bring your stable equipment up to the minute. Jake Kauffman, who now runs the shop in partnership with his brother Ike, told us that there's a terrific boom on in the carriage-and-accessories business. "A year ago we couldn't even give a horse cart away," he told us exuberantly. "Now we're selling ten a week and can't keep up with the demand." Jake excused himself, to attend a lady who wanted a brow band for a bridle, and we made a leisurely inspection of the shop, taking notice of the oats-and-straw equivalents of the ornamental radiator cap and the musical horn—brass-tipped whips, fancy carriage lamps, pretty blankets for horse and passenger. In one corner we bumped into an old fellow cleaning a set of harness, who told us that he had spent eight years with Buffalo Bill. "I sure hope this carriage thing is going to last," he said.

Jake, having supplied the lady with a brow band, gave us more information about the carriage business. These days it's largely a matter of swapping between well-to-do country people, with the dealer acting as clearing house; a squire will turn in a surrey, for instance, and pay the cash difference for a buckboard, and the dealer will sell the surrey to somebody who wants to turn in a pony cart. No new carriages are being made, and nobody is planning to make any; priorities are doubtful, for one thing. Jake was reluctant to give the intimate details of his business, but we gathered that two reliable sources of supply are the closing down of big houses or the settling of estates. The firm always sends a man out to a place with a big stable to make an offer, its policy, in general, being to take anything that has to do with horses, if the terms are right. "We buy 'em from bankers," Jake told us, largely. "A millionaire banker on Wall Street, he doesn't want I should give his name, sold us fourteen carriages last week. We got six more from a prominent member of the Roosevelt family." Right now the Kauffmans can offer you, from models on hand at their warehouse, game carts, country traps, bachelors' broughams, vis-à-vis, slat-side phaetons, Stanhope phaetons (convertible into sleighs), Mineolas, high-skeleton gigs, opera buses, omnibuses, errand wagons, depot wagons, ladies' chaises, and hansoms. Jake told us that a client had just bought a hansom, and we couldn't resist asking what on earth anybody would want with a hansom. "I should know what he's going to do with it!" Jake exclaimed. "Man told me he wanted a hansom cab, and I told him we had one, so we made a deal."

Inquiring elsewhere about the horsy set, we found that there is little expectation of the big New York families' re-



"I'm sure General MacArthur wouldn't come to the table with hands <u>that</u> color."

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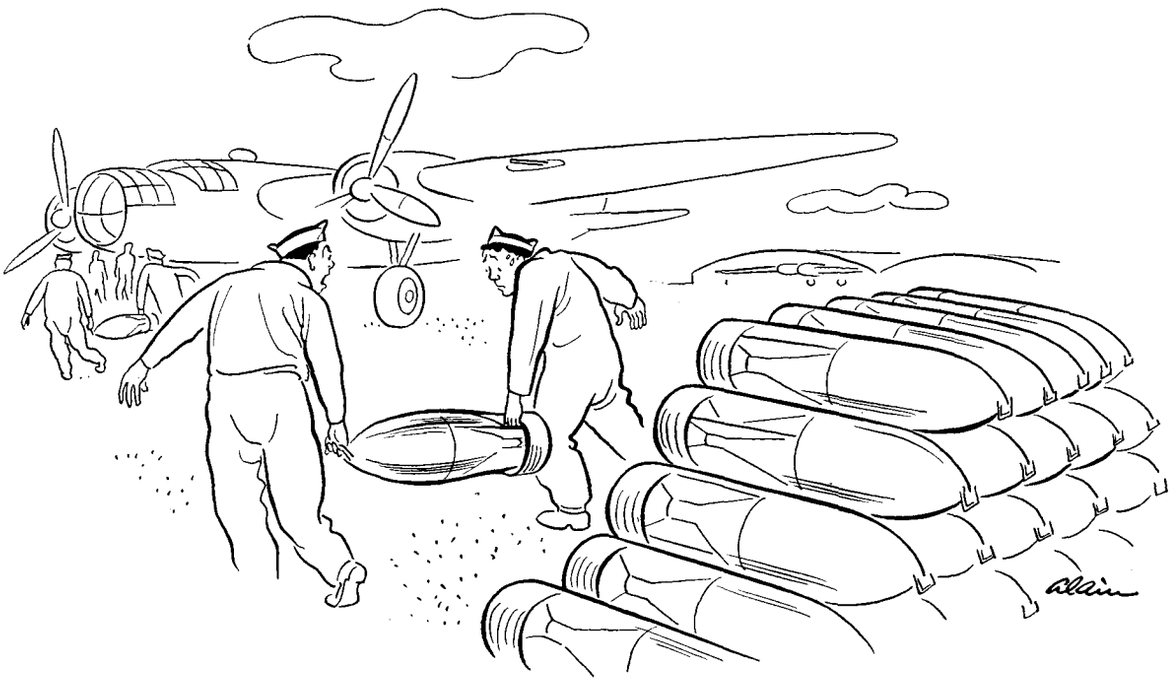
turning to the use of the carriage. Mr. Charles Tough, who now operates a storage garage which used to care for the Four Hundred's carriages, told us that they've all been sold or given away to museums or collectors—all except a ninety-year-old basket phaeton which Mr. Tough is caring for while the owners, the Misses Elizabeth and Mabel Hyde, find a museum willing to take it. About the last person in Manhattan to keep a private carriage was a prosperous widow named Mrs. Frank S. Witherbee. Until ten years ago, when her brother died and left her a Locomobile, she could be seen on Fifth Avenue every fine afternoon in her brougham, with a coachman and a liveried footman sitting on the box. The cops used to stop traffic for her, and it was the coachman's boast that he could beat any car down the Avenue.



"All right, all right, if we drop it we won't know what hit us. So what?"

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The Steamy Jungle

A NEWARK housewife ordered a set of kitchen chairs from one of our big department stores. A bare forty-eight hours after delivery one of the set fell apart, and the housewife promptly hit the telephone. The complaint clerk heard her out, then asked, "And where do you live, Madam?" "Newark," she said, unabashed. "I'm sorry, but we can't do anything for you, Madam," the clerk said. "Climatic conditions, you know."

The Well-Equipped Warden

TO the best of our knowledge, there's only one A.R.P. depot in New York that has *everything*. This warden's heaven is at 413 Second Avenue, just below Twenty-fourth Street, and is officially identified as Post 1, Sector G, Zone 1, 13th Police Precinct. It was fixed up by Mr. Leon de Costa, a plump, silvery-haired sector warden whose heart is in it. Not only has the OCD not come through with any equipment for outfitting local posts, it has not even issued a definitive list of what a post should be furnished with. Mr. de Costa solved both problems by getting everything he could think of, and getting it all for free. "I spend sixteen hours a day here. It's a big thing for me," he told us when we called on him at his dream depot. Then he added, somewhat dutifully, "I hope, of course, that all my work is wasted."

Accounting for Mr. de Costa, we would report that he is of Spanish birth, a highly trained musician and composer, and something of a figure in the theatrical world, having composed musical shows and vaudeville sketches and conducted orchestras in the heyday of the theatre. He studied to be a concert pianist, attending the Royal Conservatory in Leipzig and the Royal Academy of Music in Berlin. A robber in Antwerp put an end to that ambition; he slashed de Costa's left hand so badly, in attempting a holdup, that the youth left school. He came to the United States in 1909, when he was twenty-three, and found his niche in the world of musical comedy and vaudeville. All in all, between intervals of conducting pit bands, he has written words and music for more than three hundred vaudeville acts and a dozen musical comedies. In the first World War he started out as a bandmaster with our forces, then joined a combat unit as a lieutenant, fighting in France and rising to the rank of major.

Mr. de Costa joined up as a warden right after Pearl Harbor. Sensing that A.R.P. appropriations weren't going to begin flowing immediately, he started soliciting necessary supplies from firms around town; some of the contributions were brought about by a hope of publicity, he admits, but most of them were the result of disinterested patriotism. At any rate, he got the stuff, and that's what counts. There's a well-supplied first-aid station which will accommodate seventy-five patients in a pinch. The emergency kitchen is stocked with all kinds of groceries—about seven hundred cans, we would say—and there are three kinds of stoves, gas, electric, and canned-heat. There are blue lights for use in a blackout, a stretcher, sandbags, a long-handled shovel, and of course a stirrup pump. Each of Mr. de Costa's eleven post wardens is liberally hung with equipment: a steel helmet, a nightstick, a flashlight, a whistle, and a watchman's rattle for gas alarms. The steel helmets were contributed by the Eaves Costume Company. The post telephone, a pay station, has an envelope marked "Emergency Nickels" pasted above it.

Nearly a thousand wardens and civilian-defense officials have visited Mr. de Costa's model depot. One day there were four men who identified themselves as coming "from the Mayor's office." Later Mr. de Costa got a letter

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from the Mayor himself, expressing interest and saying that he hoped to visit the depot in person. He hasn't been around as yet. Mrs. Roosevelt made a definite date to come but postponed it at the last minute. De Costa, who had called up all the newspapers, press services, and newsreel offices, spent $1.90 in nickels telling them not to come. He hopes to get her later on. "I figure that publicity for this depot is in the public interest," he said, looking us right in the eye.

S

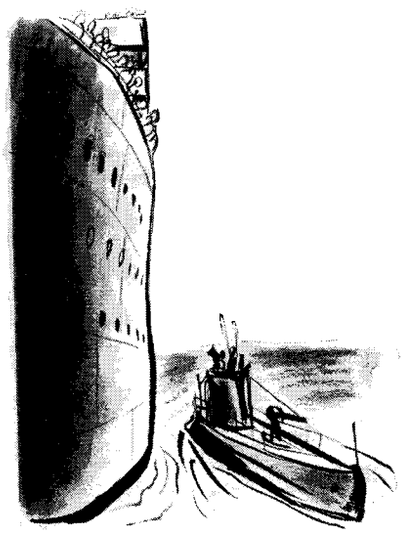
THERE'S a married couple whose birthdays fall on the same date, which they naturally celebrate pretty lavishly. Just before their last birthday, the lady stopped in at her neighborhood bakeshop and ordered a cake with "Happy Birthdays" on it. "You see, two of us are having a birthday," she explained to the clerk. "So I want it to say 'Happy Birthdays'—plural." The clerk wrote the instructions down carefully, and sure enough, when the cake was delivered, it had "Happy Birthdays Plural" on it.

Communiqués

REALIZING that, after four months of war, we still didn't know in any very exact way where war communiqués come from or how they get from the belligerent countries to page 2 of the morning papers, we called last week on the Associated Press's foreign-service chief, a professorial chap named John Evans, and absorbed some pertinent information. He told us, to begin with, that the word "communiqué," as used today, means any considered statement issued by a ministry, government department, or command of a belligerent nation—the British Ministry of Home Security, for instance, or our Navy Department, or the German Air Force. As we understand it, a communiqué is seriously advanced as a factual statement of military or naval developments; this definition rules out predictions, threats, and general bombast such as is likely to emanate from any official of any government these days. American usage hasn't quite crystallized yet. Theoretically, a statement made by the President at a press conference might be taken as a communiqué, since he is the chief of the armed forces; the general practice so far, however, has been for Roosevelt, Knox, and Stimson to give interviews as individuals, leaving the issuing of communiqués to lesser department officials. General MacArthur's reports and General Wainwright's, of course, have become communiqués only when issued through the War Department.

Communiqués from enemy nations reach us by radio. The press services maintain their own short-wave listening posts and are backed up by the big broadcasting chains, which gather short-wave news items primarily for the use of their announcers and commentators. The Axis communiqués are put on the air first in International Code and then in various languages, so it's difficult to miss them. The communiqués from Germany, Italy, and Japan are not as generously larded with wishful thinking as are their news broadcasts, but they're rather romantic all the same. American editors never monkey with communiqués, although they sometimes suppress for a time particularly foolish enemy news broadcasts, such as the claim, made a couple of months ago by a Japanese commentator, that Admiral Hart had been killed in action.

Up to the time the German general staff began developing heart trouble, communiqués issued by the Nazi High Command were fairly consistent, and almost reliable, Mr. Evans told us; that is, you could discount a certain percentage of the claims and get somewhere near the truth. Now, with Hitler in personal charge, you just can't tell. The British are annoying to United Nations journalists because their communiqués are held up for confirmation on occasion and cool off as news. The Germans will estimate the number of British planes they might have downed, multiply it by ten, and announce the result immediately, whereas the British will investigate for hours, or even days, to find whether they really and truly did get a certain plane. Some slight delay also results from the fact that British communiqués from all over the Empire must clear through London—not for revision or censorship but because their biggest short-wave broadcasting station is there. Russia sends out her reports by dot-and-dash radio. Nobody who knows is allowed to tell exactly how the reports have come through from the Philippines, although it is obvious that there has been extensive communication with our forces there; maybe it's been via the short-wave station at Honolulu.



Variation on a Theme

THIS note was picked up in a movie theatre hereabouts, after a matinée. It is self-explanatory, and our only comment is that, stylistically, we think it's superb:

DEAR SHIRLEY,

I'm not mad and I hope I never will be. You seemed mad in school. I hope that your not mad, Mary said that your not, and I hope it's true. You seemed as if you were not mad in the morning. I hope that this note will not make you mad. I may be over to-day, I don't know. Thats if you arnt mad. I still love you as I said in school. Please don't be mad. I'm not mad and I'll say it a thousand times again, got to go now so I'll sign of.

ARTHUR JUNIOR

Inscrutable Dept.

A CHINESE restaurant called Mu Lan, a modest, second-story place on West Forty-seventh Street, has for some years been sending its patrons away well fed, presumably, but sorely puzzled because of a sign painted over its doorway. This reads, "You Can Fools All the People All the Times, But You Can't Fool The Times Some of the Time." Mysterious enough transcribed thus, it seems to us, but there's further mystery in the fact that in the phrase "You Can't Fool The Times" the word "Times" is printed in script like that on the masthead of the morning newspaper it will readily bring to mind. The matter having been referred to us by general consent, we had one of our younger aides drop by Mu Lan. He made a preliminary reconnoitre over a plate of roast duck won ton, and then directed a cautious inquiry at his waiter which resulted in the information that the sign is the work of Mr. Bak Pon, proprietor and chef of the restaurant. Diplomatic advances brought Pon to his table, with willing explanations.

Briefly sketching Pon's background (which, as we conceive it, has considerable to do with the sign), we transmit

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"You positive you smelled smoke?"

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the report that he is a vivacious Oriental in his late forties. His father was born in San Francisco, learned the trade of chef there, went on a visit to the ould counthry, and returned to San Francisco with a bride, a Miss Fong. Pon grew up in San Francisco, working at dishwashing and laundrying, and was briefly an artist. "Give it up," Pon told our man. "No money in it." He retained, however, a sufficient dilettante interest in art to paint murals of Chinese landscapes for the Mu Lan Restaurant when, subsequently, he came to New York and took over that establishment. (Mu Lan, by the way, was the Chinese Joan of Arc who, circa 600 A.D., dressed as a man and led the Chinese against hordes of barbarian invaders.) Pon is a man of quiet pleasures, cookery and Chinese opera being the principal ones. He has refused to join a tong or take a wife, on the ground that both cost too much money, and he stays away from movies because they are too noisy.

Well, with this picture of a thoughtful, well-travelled, many-faceted Pon before you, you won't be surprised to learn that Pon's inscription over his doorway is merely a freehand version of "Tempus fugit." As Pon explained it to our man, "It means lots of people fool people. But you can't fool the times." Here Pon pointed to the clock. "Can't fool clock," he said. "Clock go on and on. I paint it myself, so maybe not so good." He added modestly, "English very bad. Grammar awful." He wasn't trying to **effect** any tieup with the *Times* by imitating its type; just wanted to sort of italicize the word. As our aide was about to take his leave, after thanking Pon for his courtesy, Pon remarked, "Sometimes clock don't work, but it don't fool the times. Just fool customer."

Logic

IN order to graduate from a first-aid class, you have to show your ability to cope with an emergency by giving an instantaneous answer to a "problem"—an imaginary and usually complex disaster. A girl we know was given this problem: "You are on your yacht on Lake Michigan and break your leg. What do you do?" "Well," the girl said, with no hesitation, "I'd send somebody down to my cabin to get my copy of *Vogue*, for a splint." "But suppose you haven't a copy of *Vogue*," the instructor suggested. "If I had a yacht I'd have a copy of *Vogue*," the student said. After some reflection, the instructor gave her a passing mark.

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THE SHAPE OF A NIGHT

THE city seemed to be nowhere very pointedly a city at war and the weather was like spring. When Tom left his office there was still sun on the walls of many of the buildings. Riding downtown on the open deck of a Fifth Avenue bus in the fine weather made him feel as though he had just come to New York. When he came to Madison Square he saw that all the benches were taken. "This is Madison Square," he heard someone in the front seat say. "That's the Flatiron Building. It used to be the highest building in New York. Down there is Washington Square, where you see that arch."

He got off a few blocks below Fourteenth Street and smiled at a pretty girl who smiled out at him from a Chesterfield advertisement in the window of the corner drugstore. He unlocked the mailbox in the vestibule of his apartment building, but there was no mail. Air-raid instructions, posted on the wall, were half concealed by a notice saying that a bracelet of sentimental value had been lost in the vicinity on Saturday night. As he climbed the four flights of stairs, he caught, through the thin doors of the apartments, talk and radio music and the smells of cooking. His own living room, when he opened the door of the apartment, was still filled with yellow sunlight. His wife was in the bedroom, taking off the dress she had worn all day at her office.

"Hello, darling," he said.

"Hello, my love."

They were both tired from the day's work. It seemed that they were always tired when they met.

"O'Brien was out drunk again," he said, and began to get out of his clothes, leaving them where they fell. "He called up from Chauffard's and Harry went down and tried to catch him, but he'd disappeared. His wife called up from Pelham and said he was in bed with a cold. If Fletcher finds out about it, they'll fire him."

"Robinson threw a telephone book at Miss Albertson today," Marian said.

"Did he hit her?"

"No."

Tom took a shower and changed his clothes while she cooked the dinner. They bolted their food and he helped her to dry the dishes so that they could get to the movies by half past seven, but there was a crowd in the lobby and they had to wait half an hour before they could get into the theatre. Once they were seated, she slipped off her pumps. The movie was set in a hill station in India, and it was long. The bad air, the uncomfortable chairs, and the strain of watching the screen tired them, and they were sleepy when they returned to the street.

A wind had come up, smelling of drains and earth and rain, and a shower caught them on Fifth Avenue. He took her arm roughly and began to run. She snatched off her hat and swung it in one hand, and because of her high-heeled shoes, she ran clumsily and with her toes turned in. The rain was heavy and people were making for awnings and marquees; doormen were whistling for cabs. They passed a woman with a newspaper over her spring hat and nearly knocked down an old gentleman, who swore at them over his shoulder for their lack of consideration. They were breathing heavily and laughing and wet when they reached their own doorway. Helen Daugherty was waiting for them in the vestibule.

"I was just ringing your doorbell," she said. "I had to see you."

"Come on up," Tom said.

"What I wanted to see you about was—"

"Come on up and have a drink," Marian said. She knew that Helen had come to borrow some money.

"I can only stay a minute."

Tom unlocked the vestibule door and Marian started up the stairs. He took a bill out of his wallet and gave it to Helen. Out of respect for the etiquette of small loans, and for no other reason, his giving and her thanks were both clandestine. "Thank you," she whispered. "I don't know when I'll ever be able to pay you back." They caught up with Marian and the two women stepped aside while he unlocked the apartment door. Marian turned on the lights and Helen looked around. "Oh, I see you have a new lamp," she said. "I think that's beautiful!"

"What will you have to drink?" Tom said. "Bourbon or Bourbon?"

"Nothing, thank you." Helen sat down on the sofa and began twisting her wedding ring with her fingers.

"Not even a short one?" Marian said.

"No, no. I've been on the wagon for six weeks. I'll have one of your cigarettes, though."

"What do you hear from Fred?" Tom asked as he lighted her cigarette.

"He's still at Fort Bragg. He thinks they're going to send him to the Coast." There was a monotonous and disheartening fall to her voice. "I don't think I'll ever see him again. I made up my mind to that when we said goodbye at Christmas."

"Don't say that, Helen," Marian said quickly, and sat down beside her. "Tell us what you've been doing."

"Well, I lost my job, of course. You knew that. I've seen you since then, and I haven't been able to get another one. Being an Army wife doesn't make any difference. I spent a week with the Thompsons in Cornwall, but I guess they got tired of me. I'm not a very cheerful person to have around."

"That's a good-looking dress," Marian said.

"Barbara gave it to me. Dorothy gave me the shoes. They're expensive, but they hurt her and she only wore them a few times. They hurt me, too. I haven't had any new clothes since I don't know when. I've had to borrow a lot of money and I don't know how I'm going to pay it back. I hate to think of where I'll be next year. I don't like to borrow money from you."

"Forget about it," Tom said. "Haven't you heard? Marian got a raise."

"And I suppose you went right over to the draft board and told them."

"Yes," Tom said.

"Tommy's going on the first," Marian said quietly.

"Why did you do that?" Helen exclaimed. Tom saw the left side of her face twitch. She put up her hand quickly to cover it. "You're as bad as Fred! You're just like Fred, and you'll hate him for this, Marian, the way I hate Fred now. What will happen to you? You'll be like me." She took her hand away from her face. "They'll kill all our men. We're lost. We're all lost." She waited for them to speak. Neither of them said anything. "You see? I'm not a very pleasant person to have around." She stood up and tried to laugh.

"Have a cigarette?" Tom held a box in her direction.

"No, thank you. I've got to go."

"Tommy will walk you home," Marian said.

"I can walk alone."

"I'd like to," Tom said.

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"Don't you just adore it?"

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"I won't hear of it," Helen said. "I'm used to walking alone."

They said nothing about her after she had gone. Marian examined the thermometer in the fish bowl and watered a half-dead plant on the windowsill. Then she went into the bathroom and began to undress. He stood in the doorway, watching her comb out her hair.

"You know, I think Alice Mavor's older than she looks," she said. "I was talking with her in the ladies' room today and she said she can remember the sugar shortage in the last war."

"She must be old," Tom said.

"I can remember the bank holiday," Marian said. "I was twelve years old and Aunt Mary couldn't give me a gold piece for my birthday."

She had put on a faded blue wrapper, a color that made her seem beautiful and desirable to him and that reminded him of the freedoms of summer. He remembered her standing naked in the yard of a farmhouse, bathing from a pail, and drying her light hair by the fire after they had been caught in a shower walking back from the circus in Frenchtown. Those country days

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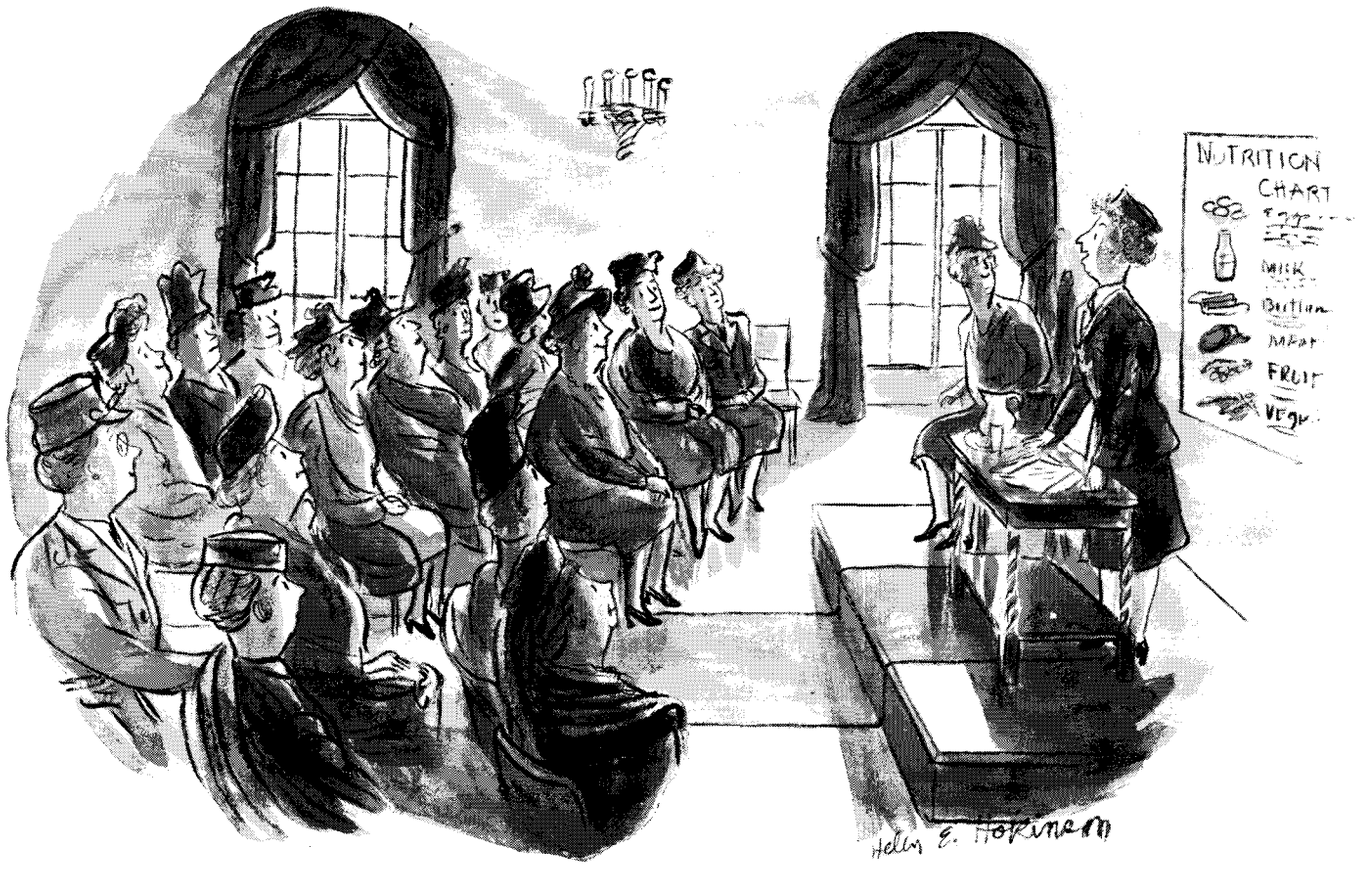

"Our field workers have found that many laborers' families will eat spinach if it has been braised in a little bacon fat."

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seemed like a look at what life might have been. He stepped into the bathroom, put his arms around her, and kissed her, nuzzled her throat, and blew his hot breath down her neck while she laughed and protested and kissed him back.

MARIAN fell asleep before Tom did, before he was ready to enter into the peculiar territory of his dreams. On the night before he had dreamed that he was at the medical office on Governors Island, being deferred because of a cardiac condition, and on the night before that he had received the D.S.C. Her sleep was deep, her breathing slower now than when she was awake. He slipped out of bed to look for a cigarette. A drunk was walking east, shaking with a loud, bitter laugh. High in the silence, Tom heard an airplane. It was more like the echo of a noise than any real noise.

Tom could remember the last of the speakeasies, and in one of these a war veteran who had slung his artificial leg over his shoulder and strummed it like a banjo. Standing at the window, Tom thought of his own generation. Their lives had begun, it seemed, with endings. "Dad lost all of his money" was the refrain for those early years. "We had a sixteen-room house in White Plains but after the crash we had to move to Tenafly." The girls Tom met then used to say things like that. "My oldest sister went abroad three times. We used to have five servants. We used to have four cars. Mother used to play bridge at ten cents a point, but after the crash . . ." They were a generation with more responsibilities than some, and whatever normal life they had been able to find had been stolen.

In his marriage he had found pleasures that he had never expected, but he had stolen those, too. There had never been a time when he could look beyond his own happiness and find that such happiness was general. Perhaps there would be in the future. But marriage—like the picnics, the weekends, the vacations, like all the felicities of that decade—had been a matter of numbered days. They had nothing to be surprised at, nothing to resent; they had been told repeatedly that the spurious peace they lived in would not outlast their youth, and they were late to see that it was over.

His cigarette began to heat his fingers and he went around the dark room looking for an ashtray. When he got back into bed, Marian turned convulsively and sighed and spoke from the depth of her sleep in a husky, troubled voice. He could not make out the words. He laughed and stretched out in bed beside her warm body and breathed in the night air as though it were an anaesthetic, pulling the cool, fresh darkness into his lungs. —JOHN CHEEVER

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

Suffering from a double compound fracture of a leg and fractured ribs, Chief Branham called Duane Briggs, Monterey Park police officer, who came to investigate the accident, handed him the inhalator equipment and instructed him to proceed to Alhambra Hospital.

As a result Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Albers of 910 N. San Gabriel Blvd. are the proud parents of a baby boy—Dennis Erwin Albers.

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THE PROBATION OFFICER'S REPORT

GEORGE P——, white, male, thirty years of age, unmarried, employed in a minor executive post in a New York advertising agency. Physically normal, except for a somewhat short neck; I am informed by Dr. Zeller, of my staff, that short-necked people are easily excited.

On the evening in question, George P—— had an appointment to meet a young lady named Milly L—— for dinner. The place fixed for the meeting was the cocktail bar of a large hotel near the Pennsylvania Station. The reason for this was that Milly L——, who lives in Garden City, was coming in on a Long Island train, and it was impossible —or so, at any rate, he thought—for George P—— to find her within the Pennsylvania Station, because of the multiplicity of train gates and exits. The hour agreed upon was eight-thirty; rather late for a dinner in town, but unavoidable, since Milly L——, who is an air-raid warden in Garden City, had to complete a late tour of duty.

At approximately 8:25 P.M., George P—— entered the Lucullan Lounge of the Hotel Magnificent. He was sober, having left his place of employment at 5:20 and spent the intervening period in the Yale Club, playing squash racquets, taking a steam bath, and thumbing through several old copies of *Life*. (For this portion of my report, I am indebted to several volunteer, non-salaried workers attached to my staff, and to a grant of money from the Cornelia Dalrymple Foundation for Penological Research.)

George P—— strode toward the bar, but was abruptly halted by a small, vivacious hat-check girl, probably of Cuban or Puerto Rican extraction, who removed his overcoat and took his hat away from him. She then tucked the check in his breast pocket, remarking with a smile, "Now you can't lose it." George P—— has subsequently stated that he "didn't like it." Dr. Lloyd Cunningham, who has taken an interest in this case, is inclined to interpret George P——'s words as indicating a frustrated revolt against a well-established feminine domination of his life; Dr. Zeller attaches no importance to them at all.

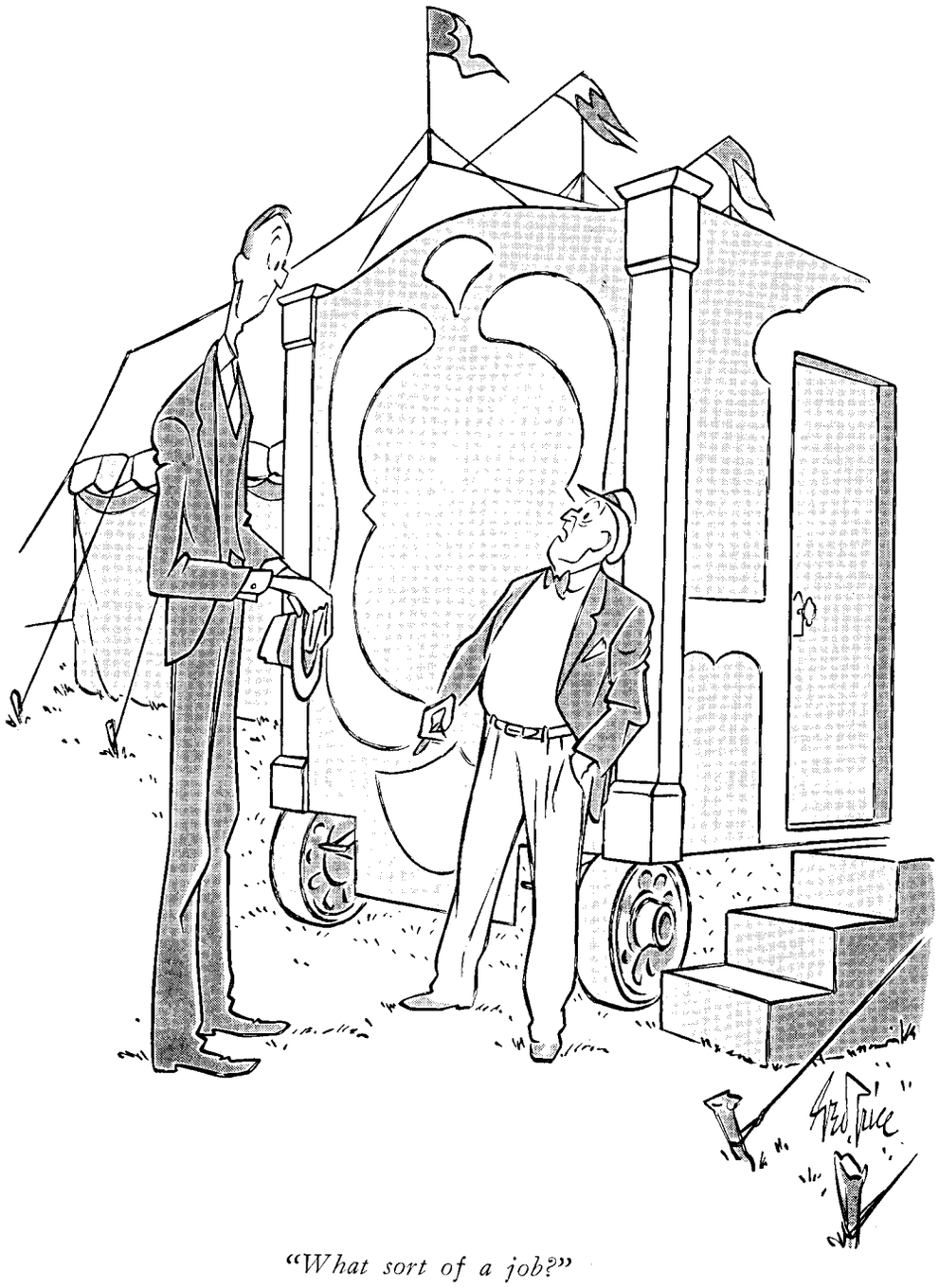
The bar was crowded, and George P—— was unable to find an unoccupied stool. He stood there uncertainly, hoping that Milly L—— would appear and relieve him of the necessity of sitting at a table to order a drink, which he doesn't like to do. This attracted the attention of a headwaiter, who made an ill-advised effort to "seat" George P——. In a state of irritation, George P—— shook him off, and continued to pace up and down in front of the bar in an attempt to find a place to sit down. Eventually, however, he was forced to sit at an unoccupied table for two. It added to George P——'s irritation that the table had not been cleared away after the last occupants. When he looked at his watch and found that Milly L—— was already eight minutes late, he doubtless reached an advanced state of irritation—"perhaps," in the words of Dr. Zeller, "psychotic."

It was at this inauspicious moment that a colored waiter approached George P——'s table. They spoke simultaneously. "Scotch and plain water," George P—— said. The colored waiter said, "You the ge'man been sittin' heah? You goin' to pay the check?"

George P—— spoke again, loudly and clearly. "I want a Scotch and water," he said.

The colored waiter, as nearly as the story can be pieced together, ignored this request. "Check for this table ain' been paid yet," he declared, racial melancholy throbbing in his voice.

George P—— controlled himself with a conscious effort. "I just got here. I want a Scotch and plain water. When you bring it I'll pay you for it," he said. In the opinion of Drs. Elliott and Curtis,



"What sort of a job?"

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who were kind enough to read the preliminary drafts of this report, George P—— should now have been home in bed with a light sedative.

The waiter, pursuing his own train of thought, said, "Well, *someone* done drank up couple of Manhattans and ain' paid fo' dem, *nohow*."

At this point a captain of waiters approached George P——'s table. "Is everything all right, sir?" he asked.

"No, damn it," George P—— is alleged to have replied. "What's all this about a check?"

"You don't wish to pay your friend's check, sir?" the captain asked.

"He's not my friend, damn it!" George P—— shouted, according to reliable witnesses. Dr. Zeller desires me to point out that George P—— had reached that stage of inward excitement, clearly defined and well known to the medical profession, in which the subject's words are not selected with care. He meant to say that he had no connection with the defaulting patron; but doubtless the staff formed the opinion that he was suddenly denouncing the man, after drinking with him.

George P——'s next words were "Am I or am I not going to get a Scotch and plain water?" The captain made a signal to the waiter, and the waiter went away, ostensibly to get the drink. Actually, it was discovered upon later investigation, the signal had indicated only that, in the opinion of the captain, George P—— had "had enough" and was not to be served any more to drink.

The policy of the hotel appears to have clashed here with what were, medically speaking, the best interests of the subject. Seeing a solitary male guest apparently in a quarrelsome mood, all the entertainers and venders—surprisingly numerous at the Magnificent's Lucullan Lounge—came over to George P——'s table. These included, to the best of our knowledge at present, a female gardenia-seller, who put a bloom in George P——'s buttonhole and asked him for seventy-five cents; a male magician, who asked him to pick out any card and remember it; and a male midget, who was playing "Sweet Leilani" on a piano-accordion. It is not known whether George P—— has any tendencies toward claustrophobia, but if he had it would, in the opinion of myself and my colleagues, account for much of what happened.

"All at once," to use George P——'s phrase, three more people were added to this scene, which was of course attracting a good deal of attention from the other guests: a manager, Milly L——, and an unidentified man. The manager said, "I'm sure you must understand, sir, that we can't have this kind of—"

Milly L—— said, "George! Where have you *been?* I've been waiting in the Wee Nip Bar downstairs, where we said."

The unidentified man seated himself at George P——'s table, looked suspiciously at George P——, and said, "Say! This guy has drank my drink that I left here."

From this point on, the police and medical testimony seems full and accurate, and I will not attempt to supplement it.

My colleagues concur in my opinion that George P——, once he is up and around, will make a useful member of society, as long as he stays out of drinking places within the area bounded, roughly, by Lexington Avenue, Eighth Avenue, Fifty-ninth Street, and Thirty-fourth Street. —Russell Maloney

ELEGY

(ON HEARING THAT THE FIFTH AVENUE COACH COMPANY PLANS TO DO AWAY WITH THE OPEN-DECKED BUSES.)

On Fifth, the Gothic churches
  Stand as they stood before,
While many a pigeon perches
  On many a carven door.
Still do the silver foxes
  On prudent blondes go by,
And Saks's window boxes
  Are pleasing to the eye.
Still thrives the old Museum,
  Still ditto Peck & Peck's.
But we no more shall see 'em
  From windy upper decks.

Then weep for a vanished conveyance,
  Lament for a lordlier day.
They're taking the buses,
The lumbering buses,
The double-deck buses
  Away.

Now, desperate and swaying
  To reach the fumy air,
We'll go no more essaying
  That steep and perilous stair.
No more will spring discover,
  When starry dusks are sweet,
Lover entwined with lover
  On any jolting seat.
Farewell the tourist storeward
  Embarking at his ease.
Farewell the smoking forward.
  Farewell the cindery breeze.

The fountain still plays at the Plaza,
  The sun on the river is red.
But weep! For the buses,
The snail-crawling buses,
The double-deck buses
  Are fled.

Still sits each marble dwelling,
  Close-shuttered to the rout.
Still linen shops are Selling
  Interminably Out.
Undaunted stands the Center
  And dusty lies the Square,
But now the bus we enter
  Demands our instant fare.
And hope's a drying trickle,
  And dully must we ride
Since gone's that tall ve*hicle*
  Which was the city's pride.

Now changeth the law and the order.
  Now yieldeth the old to the new.
They're scrapping the buses,
The moss-covered buses.
O double-deck buses,
  Adieu.

—Phyllis McGinley

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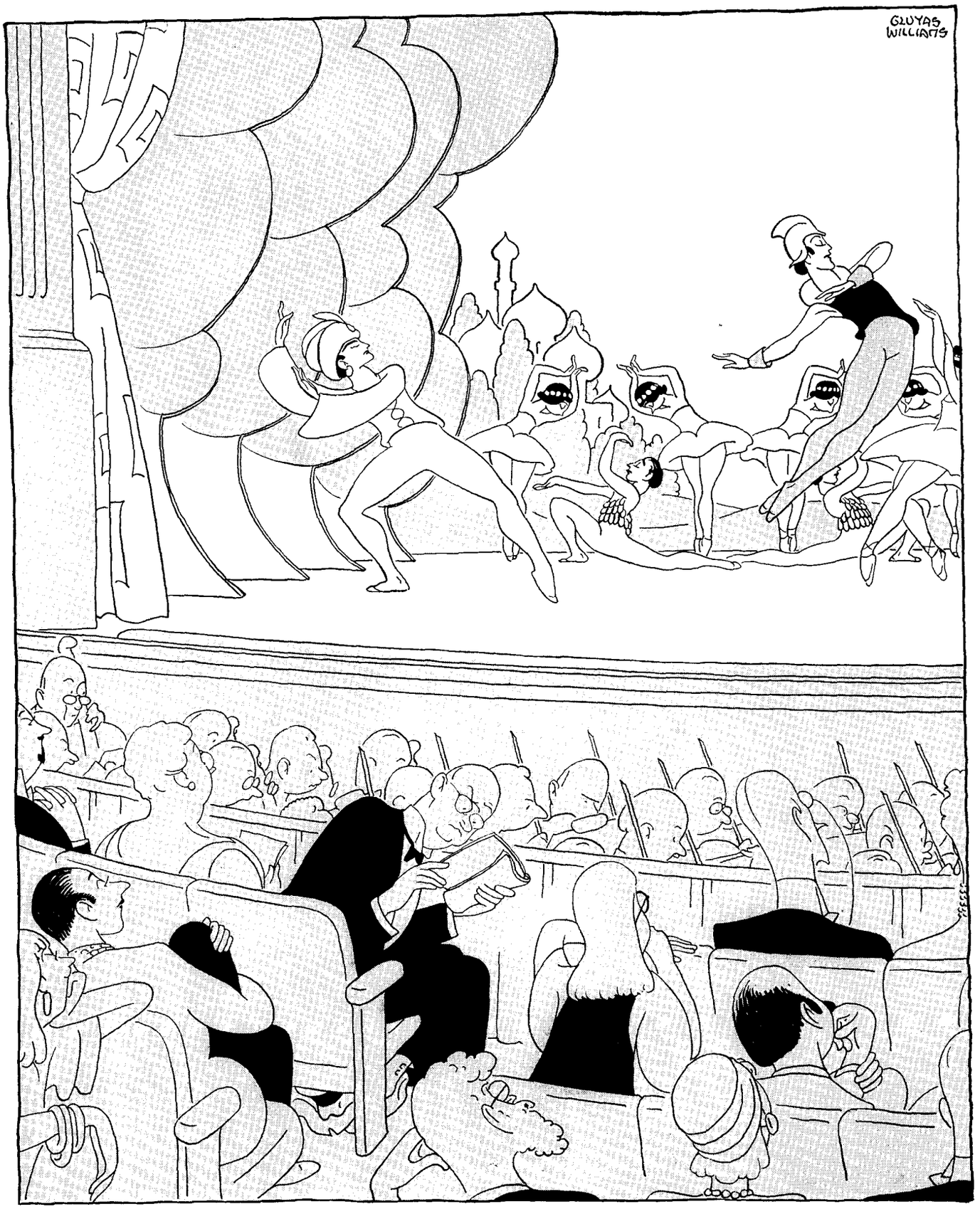

THE READING PUBLIC

. . . and now the Prince enters the glade, seeking the wounded deer. The Princess and her handmaidens flee in alarm. The Prince executes a pas de deux with the Spirit of the Glade, and then disappears into the depths of the forest, pressing his search for the deer. The deer enters, fleeing from the Prince. The Princess and her handmaidens return, hiding from the Grand Vizier, and the deer, alarmed . . .

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SCORCHED-EARTH POLICY

COLONEL EDMUND POMEROY (retired) and his wife, Dollie, lived in the wilds of Huntingdonshire, where the descendants of Cromwell's Ironsides go proudly to chapel and leave the Church of England to strangers, families disgraced by bankruptcy or bastardy, and the gentry, and where the landscape rises and falls in the slow rollers of a clay soil.

It is an elm-tree soil. And now, in the third spring of war, the elms that took so much goodness out of the ground were shedding their blooms, and the Pomeroys' goats were spitting them out and complaining fastidiously.

The Colonel's face, as he stooped seriously above the onion bed, suddenly cracked open in a grin. "Why, good Lord! Those goats will do it for us," he said. "What a fool I was to overlook the goats! Dollie! All we need do about destroying the garden is to shut up the goats in it."

"Not shoot them?" She was halfway up a ladder, pruning an apple tree. The words, spoken in a piping treble, floated down like some odd bird song.

"Not I!" said the Colonel with decision. "Four live goats running loose, and one of them that damned Selina of yours, would be as good as a band of guerrillas any day. No, no! It would be short-sighted to shoot the goats. I bet those Russians would never shoot Selina."

"What about the potatoes, though? We have enough to last all through the summer."

"Potatoes? Easy. They just go into the pond. What a mercy, I say, that we never got round to draining that pond!"

"Or we could pour paraffin on them."

"Mustn't waste paraffin. We shall want all the paraffin we can spare for the hayrick."

"I've sometimes felt rather uneasy about our store of paraffin," Dollie said. "It's seemed rather like hoarding. But I'm thankful now."

"We shall need every drop of it," said the Colonel. "I wish to God we'd kept the car. Can't scorch anything with two bicycles."

FROM the outset of the war the Pomeroys had set themselves to produce, to conserve, to economize. "Bound to be a shortage of wood," the Colonel had said, daubing Solignum on the framework of his blackout screens. "Nails, too. Pick up those bent ones, my dear, and put 'em in a box, and I'll straighten 'em later."

"About those damsons," his wife had said. "I'm going to dry them. I shall want all the sugar I can save for extra marmalade."

No shortage found the Pomeroys unforeseeing. When onions vanished, "First Prize, Bunch of Leeks, Presented by Colonel Pomeroy" enriched every local whist drive held for a good cause. When oranges disappeared, the cookies at the Evacuee Children's Christmas Tea were flavored with Mrs. Pomeroy's dried-and-pounded orange peel. When wrapping paper was discontinued, string bags, made by Colonel Pomeroy in his spare time from oddments of string collected by Mrs. Pomeroy, were sold for the Red Cross. They raised mushrooms in their air-raid shelter, lettuces among their roses, potatoes on their lawn. Producing, saving, conserving—what else was there, they said, for two septuagenarian fogies living in the wilds to do? Naturally, Mrs. Pomeroy found herself in charge of a salvage dump, where, during hot weather, she put on her gas mask (for there is a use for everything, even gas masks) and sorted old bones. Inevitably, Colonel Pomeroy became an air-raid warden, and a Home Guard, and a billeting officer, and heroically paraded on occasions of local pageantry with an armband lettered "B.O." But these were by-activities. Wartime economy was their daily bread.

As war and economy went on, the Pomeroys' hoards and contrivances filled the house. But still there was a place for everything—for tin foil, and corks, and empty cotton reels, and rubber bands, and heeltaps of soap, and tobacco pried from cigarette stubs, and sawdust, and shavings, and razor blades, and dandelion roots (coffee), and cinders, and old felt hats that could be made into bedroom slippers; the Colonel's frame for making camouflage nets fitted quite well into the bathroom, the airing cupboard was excellent for drying mushrooms and raising seedlings in, and when Mrs. Pomeroy had filled every jam pot and pickle jar, she began filling

"Perhaps we didn't make it clear, Miss Jones, that your job with the F.B.I. is purely clerical."

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a collection of Grecian urns bequeathed by an aunt. Everything was so neatly arranged that the general effect was merely one of a more extensive neatness; and amid all their economies the Pomeroys contrived to go on improving their pocket-handkerchief property, the Colonel making new shelves and cupboards out of packing cases and Mrs. Pomeroy sewing new patchwork coats for the chairs and sofas, and both of them uniting to rebuild the dilapidated summerhouse as a goat shed.

"It seems a pity that we can't use Selina indoors too," continued the Colonel.

"I've got the inside of the house pretty well planned," Dollie said. "Once you've got a bonfire going, I shall bring out the sheets and the blankets. The mattresses are rather a problem, but I shall do what I can with the air-raid hatchet and then upset the sand and water buckets over the remains. As for the pillows, I thought I'd shove some of the feathers down the toilet, to block the drains. Boots and shoes can go into that invaluable pond. I thought you'd see to that while I was ripping up the clothes. Then there's all the food. It seemed to me that I might very well begin by emptying some treacle into the salted beans, and the parsnip wine can go into the pickled-cabbage tub, along with the soap. Things like flour and tea and oatmeal—they're no trouble. Just skirmish them about on the floor. Then, while you're smashing the canned stuff, I deal with the jam and maybe just frisk through the china cupboard. Do you remember that sideshow there used to be at fairs—a dresserful of cheap crockery and twopence a shy? Breaking Up the Home, it was called."

"The secret is to aim at the shelf," the Colonel said. "People aim at the china. You'll see nine out of ten make that mistake. But a good lam at the shelf—that's what brings 'em down."

"How to scorch the coal cellar—that beats me. This wartime coal—"

"Leave the coal, my dear, and wish 'em joy of it."

"What will you do about all your lovely tools?"

"One more thing. Which radiator do we rap on for heat?"

"Pond," the Colonel said firmly. "They go in first of all. Except the hammer, for dealing with the windows and doors and so forth. Damn these weeds. Beginning to come up all over the place." He went stiffly down on his knees, saying that it needed hoeing, really.

"I'm so sorry," Dollie said. "I meant to weed this morning. But the jelly took longer than I meant. Six pots."

"Hm, that's not bad. Sugar still holding out?"

"Mary Amstice is letting me have three pounds of hers as a swap for tomato ketchup. Jack, I've had an idea! Can't we burst the boiler?"

"Eh?"

"If we let all the water run out and then stoke up the fire and get it nicely roaring just before we leave. That would burst the boiler, wouldn't it? It does at Christmas, in frozen homes. Yes, and that would solve the saucepans, too. We could leave them on the hot plate, empty, to burn their bottoms out."

"That's a very good idea, Dollie. A damn good idea. And while you're about it, you might remember to burn my flute. I'll be damned if they go breathing down my flute." He rose. "What about some tea?"

THEY walked toward the house, neat as a toy below the elm trees. The kitchen window was open and on the sill stood six pots of jelly. In the afternoon stillness they could hear the fluttering breath of the kettle, just coming to a boil.

The Colonel began to whistle softly. Lightly, Mrs. Pomeroy put her hand on his arm, her small, horny hand, smelling of fruit and of earth. They turned and looked back over the garden. But their scrutiny did not remain there. They stared at the empty, rolling landscape, at the calm sky, as though searching for a signal that would release them, after the years of saving and conserving and piecemeal prudence, into the positiveness of destruction.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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Actors are the most conspicuous members of the theatrical profession.—*Brooks Atkinson in the Times.*

The lighting may have something to do with it.

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PROFILES

BEST NEIGHBOR—II

AS Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs, Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller not only has had to woo Latin America, a region highly suspicious of North American advances, but, in the line of duty, has had to make love to our own State Department, an organization highly suspicious of the Office of the Coördinator. This second suit, upon the success of which the first largely depends, is regarded by many Washingtonians as the more taxing of the two, and the fact that one of the richest young men in the world has conducted it with humility, tact, and diligence is in their eyes a continuing wonder. Actually, Rockefeller is by temperament and training well equipped for this undertaking. Like his maternal grandfather, Nelson Aldrich, the late Senator from Rhode Island, for whom he was named, he is friendly, politically intelligent, and fond of dealing with people, and, like most third-generation Rockefellers, he has been brought up under a discipline which makes it easy for him, even today, at the age of thirty-three, to absorb a spanking from his elders and come up unembittered. Cordell Hull was thirty-six when Rockefeller was born, and the Coördinator's Office is not quite two years old as against the State Department's hundred and fifty-two. Rockefeller, who from early childhood has been encouraged to keep an extremely civil tongue in his head when in the presence of his seniors, is incapable of acting discourteously toward a gray-headed man or a gray-headed department. At the same time, his intimacy with the world's greatest private fortune is such that he uses the phrase "the Jersey company" without feeling the need of further identification, and this attitude of chummy deference has been expanded to take in the government of the United States. He now refers to the President as "the boss" with the same friendly, respectful inflection with which, in any company, he invests the word "Father." His capacity for filial relationships is a generous one. It is easy for him to feel like a son to such a near contemporary of his father as Hull, and, by firmly reminding himself that the Acting Secretary of State is the representative of the Secretary of State, he has even been able to feel that way toward Sumner Welles, a man only seventeen years his senior.

Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller

Historically considered, Rockefeller was born just about recently enough to enable him, as a young boy, to look upon his father and grandfather with a certain amount of reverence without finding himself in an embarrassing minority. He was born in a house his parents had rented in Bar Harbor in the summer of 1908. When he was two, the old Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, successor to the original Standard Oil trust, was ordered dissolved by the Supreme Court, and his grandfather Rockefeller retired, turning the active management of his empire over to his son. Nelson was only five at the time of the so-called Ludlow Massacre, an incident which occurred during a strike in Rockefeller-controlled mines at Ludlow, Colorado. It resulted in the deaths of twenty-one persons and caused John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at the suggestion of Ivy Lee, the first of the big-scale public-relations experts, to visit the scene of the bloodshed himself and organize an arbitration committee. By the time Nelson was old enough to know what was going on, his grandfather, with Lee's help, was well on his way to being transformed in the public eye from a ruthless monster of acquisitiveness to a genial old party whose public benefactions were to cost him more than $500,000,000 before he died. The name Rockefeller had begun to stand for sweetness, light, and the stamping out of yellow fever in South America, and Nelson, who feels that his grandfather's methods were merely the methods of his day, grew up without the sense of guilt which many social students believe was one of the forces behind his father's philanthropies. "He has no interior tension," a psychiatrically inclined friend once said of him. "His temperament is very much like F. D. R.'s."

ROCKEFELLER'S childhood and early youth were spent in houses his father owned in Seal Harbor, Maine, Tarrytown, and West Fifty-fourth Street, in an atmosphere of feudal simplicity, arbitrary economy, work, and godliness. When he was eight he was given an allowance of thirty cents a week, with the suggestion that he save one-third and devote another third to benevolence. Although his father built a $500,000 playhouse and athletic field for him and his sister and his four brothers at Pocantico Hills, the Rockefeller estate in Tarrytown, the children were made to shine their own shoes, wait on themselves, trap mice and capture rose bugs at a nominal fee, and raise vegetables, which they sold to the family kitchen at market prices. According to one of his brothers, Nelson showed a more intense interest in these activities than the others, and brought to them a livelier sense of competition. For a while he bought laboratory rabbits from the Rockefeller Institute, bred them at Tarrytown, and sold parents and progeny to the Institute at a considerable profit. The rabbits' feed was supplied by Rockefeller's family. Nelson today realizes that this venture lacked some of the ordinary hazards of rabbit-raising, but he regards it as a valuable experience, and he is bringing up his own children, of whom he has five, in the same tradition of individual enterprise.

In his teens, Nelson's business interests changed. On family trips abroad in the summertime, he and his brothers, for a salary of five dollars a week each, paid all hotel bills, bought all tickets, and arranged for the transportation of baggage. Winters in town, he went to the Lincoln School, a democratic, intellectu-

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al, and coeducational institution partially endowed by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who regarded most prep schools as snobbish and wanted to place his offspring in classrooms where they would encounter various points of view. Nelson was popular at school. His classmates, whom he sometimes invited en masse to picnics at Pocantico Hills, called him Nelly, and some of the girls were so taken with him that the headmaster found it necessary to advise one or two of them, who came from homes unequipped with rose bugs, that the sort of classroom democracy to which they were accustomed would not last forever and that they should not think of young Rockefeller too seriously. Rockefeller still recalls Lincoln enthusiastically as a place where he was thrown with his intellectual superiors.

He has an honest respect for qualities which he feels he doesn't possess himself and frequently tells people that he hasn't got a high I.Q. "How do you know?" a friend once asked him. "Oh, I took one of those tests," said Rockefeller, without volunteering any statistics. His work as Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs has brought him into contact with many educators, scientists, painters, musicians, and so on. He prides himself on being able to get along with such odd characters and attributes this catholicity largely to his school training.

AT Dartmouth, from which he was graduated in 1930, Rockefeller was an active skier and soccer player, an ardent campus politician, an amateur photographer, a scourer of the surrounding countryside for Early Colonial bullets, and a conscientious student. His older brother, John D. III, had gone to Princeton; his three younger brothers, Laurance, Winthrop, and David, went to Princeton, Yale, and Harvard, respectively. Nelson picked Dartmouth because it was democratic and far enough away from Manhattan to keep him from being tempted to go to too many deb parties. He was vice-president of his class one year and ran for president two years later, conducting a whirlwind but unsuccessful campaign. After salving his conscience by denouncing, in the undergraduate paper, the hypocrisy of the fraternity system, he accepted a bid to Psi Upsilon. Senior year, he won a Phi Beta Kappa key. College life toned up his competitive instinct enormously. He now says that one of the reasons he studied so hard was that he knew his roommate—a young man named John French, whose sister later married Nelson's brother Laurance—was going to make Phi Beta Kappa and he didn't want to be outdone. "I perfectly frankly love competition," he told a friend recently. Some of his classmates had cars on the campus their last year, but Rockefeller's parents considered the idea an inadvis-

"I had one hell of a thirst—that's all."

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able luxury, and Nelson went around on a bicycle. His father gave him an allowance of $1,500 a year and required monthly reports on how it was being spent. Rockefeller wears a stiff collar as a matter of course today, but has never really been interested in clothes; at Dartmouth he generally affected corduroy pants and a sweater.

During the summers of his college years, Nelson either sailed, swam, and played tennis at his family's place at Seal Harbor or took trips with his brothers. On one of these he and John sailed for Europe tourist class and bicycled through France. Jean Delacour, then owner of one of the greatest private zoos in Europe and now technical adviser of the Bronx Zoo, recalls the morning the housekeeper of the Normandy château he was living in told him that two boys with bicycles were at his gates and had asked to see him. Delacour sent out a man, who returned with a letter from Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., introducing her two eldest sons. Another summer Nelson and Laurance sailed from Wiscasset, Maine, to Labrador with Sir Wilfred Grenfell on a seventy-five-foot Diesel schooner; they washed dishes, helped cook, and stood the midnight-4 A.M. watch. Nelson got hold of a hammer, some nails, and a saw, and made various little improvements about the boat. He still loves to build things, and today his idea of a pleasant vacation is constructing stone walls near a house of his on the Pocantico Hills estate. The Grenfell mission, a social-service venture, opened his eyes to the fact that the Labradoreans, originally a fishing people, had had to take up handicraft as the demand for codfish had fallen off. Back home, he would discuss this interesting piece of sociology with his grandfather as the old man rested after Sunday family dinners at Tarrytown. The country's first billionaire, who saw in Nelson a reflection of his own worldliness, used to reminisce freely to his grandson and sometimes favored him with penetrating criticisms of how the family businesses, from which he had retired, were being run. These talks had a considerable influence on Nelson. "The example of my grandfather made me feel a terrific challenge," he has said. "He had complete self-confidence and good humor, and never reminisced in a boring way. Grandfather Rockefeller was a leader of men. Grandfather Aldrich was entirely different, a great man with the people. I wish I'd known him also." "Challenge" is one of Rockefeller's favorite words; he has described his present Washington job, the creation of better relations between this country and Latin America, as "a creative, positive challenge involving a human side and an integration of all phases of life, to produce a better life for the people under the democratic system."

DON'T SHOOT LOS ANGELES

Is it true what they say about Los Angeles, that Los Angeles is erratic,
That in the sweet national symphony of common sense Los Angeles is the static?
Yes, it is true. Los Angeles is not only erratic, not only erotic;
Los Angeles is crotchety, centrifugal, vertiginous, esoteric, and exotic.
Many people blame the movies and the movie-makers for Los Angeles'
emotional rumpus,
But they are mistaken; it is the compass.
Certainly Los Angeles is a cloudburst of non-sequiturs, and of logic a drouth,
But what can you expect of a city that is laid out east and west instead of north
and south?
Mother Nature knows best,
And it was Mother Nature who decreed that all sensible things run north and
south, not east and west.
North is uphill and south is downhill, which is why where a river springs forth,
That's north,
And where's its mouth,
That's south,
Which is why the Los Angeles mind does not function in the normal true and
tried ways,
Because their city runs east and west instead of north and south, so they approach
every decision sideways,
And the only solution is for Los Angeles to pivot,
And I imagine the Chamber of Commerce will replace the divot.

—OGDEN NASH

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THE marriage of their children loosens the purse strings of even the conservative rich, and Nelson has been far off the rose-bug standard ever since his marriage, six days after his graduation from Dartmouth in 1930, to Mary Todhunter Clark, a Philadelphia girl and childhood neighbor at Seal Harbor. The ceremony, which took place in Philadelphia before fifteen hundred guests, inspired the *Times* to a flight of social reporting which read in part:

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the first members of either of the immediate families to arrive, entered the church at 4:15. The bridegroom a few minutes later made his entrance by the parish house door almost unnoticed. Leaping from an automobile, he ran up the steps, tossed his top hat into the hands of the waiting sexton, William Armstrong, and slapped him on the shoulder. "The best o' luck, sir," the sexton faltered, and received a smiling "Thank you" from the Rockefeller heir.

The couple's presents from the groom's parents included a year's trip around the world. They travelled in a serious spirit, reading books on all the countries they visited and presenting countless letters of introduction to notables and to Standard Oil representatives in China, Japan, Indo-China, Siam, and India. At New Delhi they called on the Viceroy of India, Lord Irwin, now Lord Halifax. Rockefeller also had a letter to Gandhi and was rather put out, upon arriving in New Delhi, to find that the Mahatma was in jail and not receiving. The Rockefellers went to Bombay and later returned to New Delhi to call on Gandhi, who was by then out of jail and available, in a restricted way, for social life. "The first day we went to his house it was his day of silence," says Rockefeller. "He was spinning. You could damn well tell it was his day of silence because he didn't say a word. He wrote me a note saying 'Come back tomorrow. I'll talk to you.' We got there at five in the morning, and then piled in his car and went to the Fort in the old part of the city. We'd been hunting with the viceregal hounds the week before, and it was quite a contrast. He told us his whole background, his relations with the British. It gave me the Indian point of view. I have a great interest in the other person's point of view. He showed no interest in me whatever.

The young couple came back to the United States in 1931 and set up housekeeping on East Sixty-seventh Street. They later moved into a triplex Fifth

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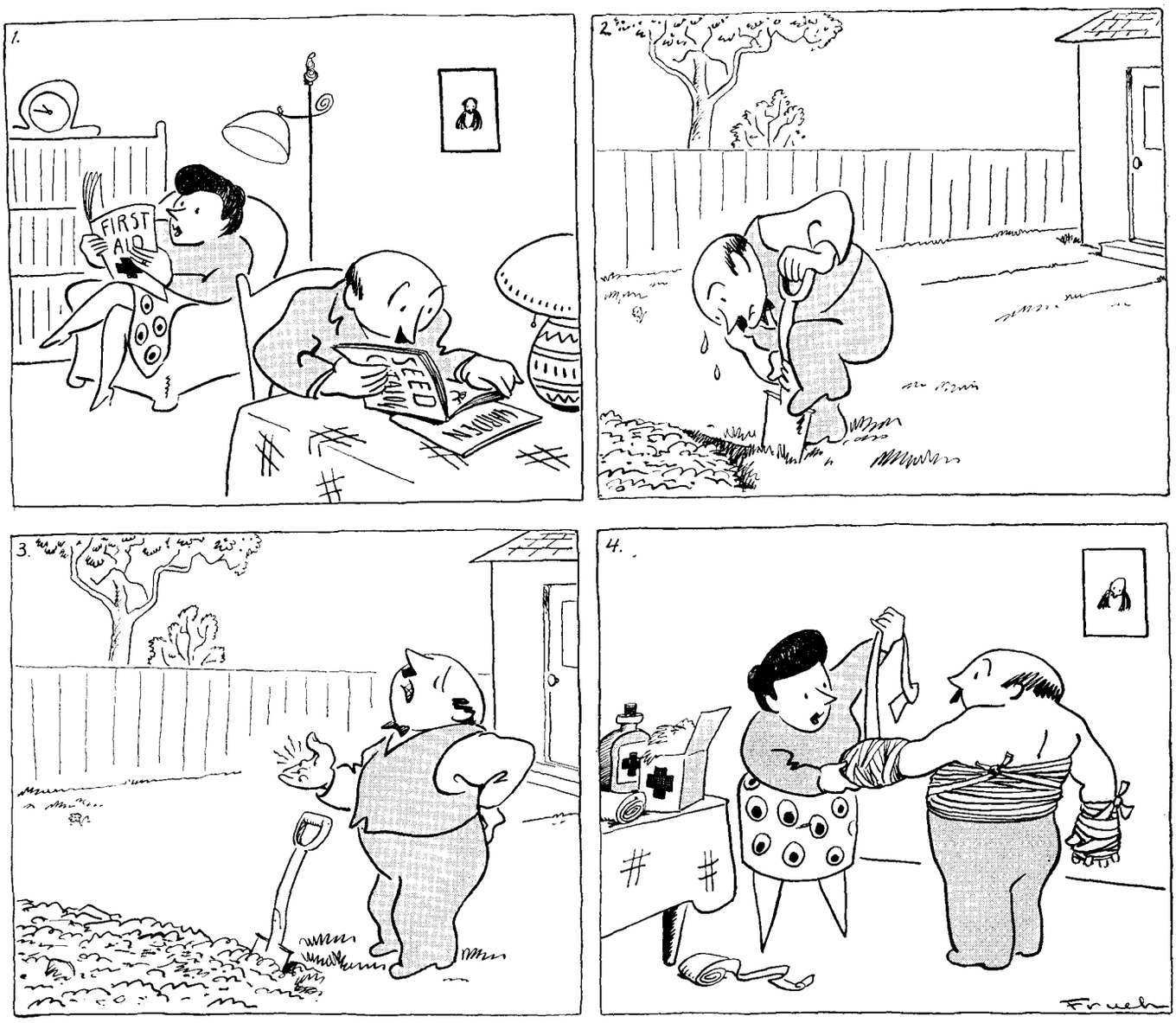

Avenue penthouse, which Nelson, who had become interested in art through his mother, a founder of the Museum of Modern Art, embellished with murals by Matisse and Léger. Rockefeller had thought of becoming an architect and had taken courses in architecture at Dartmouth, but after discussing the responsibilities of wealth with his father, his grandfather, and a few of his family's lawyers, he decided to go into business instead. His first two jobs, which his family thought would teach him about real estate and money, respectively, were with Rockefeller Center, in the early stages of its construction, and with the Chase National Bank, of which his Uncle Winthrop Aldrich was president. Rockefeller worked in the bank mornings, learning the business in one department after another; afternoons he devoted to Rockefeller Center, working in the renting department.

In 1932, while continuing his activities at the Center and the Chase National Bank, Rockefeller took a business flyer with two friends—Fenton Turck, then a vice-president of the American Radiator Company, and Webster Todd, whose father, John R. Todd, a construction engineer and real-estate investor, was John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, right-hand man in the building of Rockefeller Center. The three young men put up a few thousand dollars each, rented an office in the Standard Oil Building at 26 Broadway, and, under the title of Turck & Co., conducted a mysterious enterprise which consisted of acting as brokers for arranging business between various firms on a basis of reciprocity. For instance, if Bank A wanted the account of Railroad B, and Railroad B wanted to haul the construction material for Office Building C, and Office Building C wanted Bank A as a tenant, Turck & Co. would undertake, for a fee, to bring these deals about to the satisfaction of all three parties. Substitute the Chase National Bank, the New York Central, and Rockefeller Center for A, B, and C (an example taken from life), and the value of Rockefeller's connections to the firm becomes obvious. He had, as a matter of course, obtained the approval of his family and their lawyers before going into Turck & Co. To get John D. Rockefeller, Sr.'s, blessing, he and Turck visited the senior Rockefeller at Ormond Beach. "The old gentleman got the idea in three minutes and gave Nelson his old roll-top desk at 26 Broadway," says Turck. "He invited us to stay on a few days and talk over details. Every morning we'd take turns reading Psalms before breakfast, which consisted of floods of orange juice."

Rockefeller soon realized that he was,

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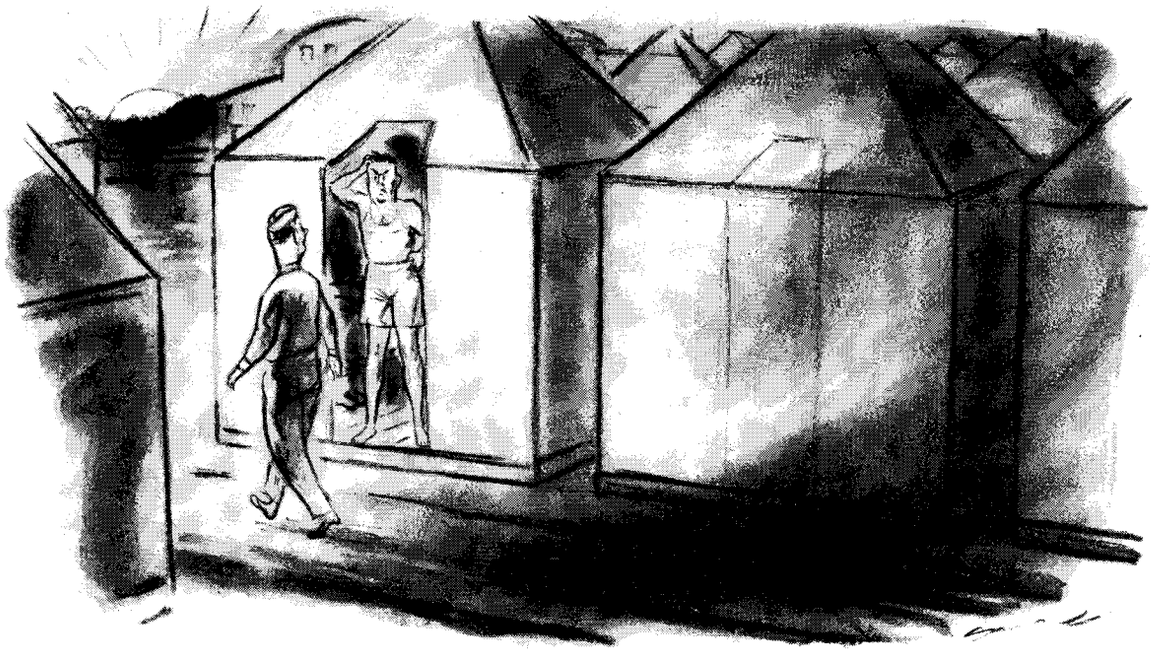

"Why, I just woke up early, sir, and thought I'd take a walk before breakfast."

• •

because of his connections, Turck & Co.'s chief asset, and after a year and a half, during which he and his partners tripled their investment and incidentally brought a good deal of business to Rockefeller Center and the Chase National, he bought Turck and Todd out and continued the business as an adjunct to Rockefeller Center's renting office under the name of Special Work, Inc. According to Turck and Todd, the parting was amicable, but observers feel it may have come as something of a surprise to them. "The Rockefellers lean against their good will hard," a student of the episode has stated. "They fool you with this gentlemanly thing." Rockefeller is not always conscious of the chilling effects of his shrewdness on others. He has an inclination for horseplay and has on occasion clapped a business acquaintance on the back with a genial "Hiya Jim!" or seized someone's hat and mashed it into a ball at a time when the object of these attentions was not sure whether or not he was on speaking terms with their author.

As a by no means backward renting agent, Rockefeller was at least partially responsible for maneuvers which caused Rockefeller Center to be widely criticized. These consisted of offering potential tenants leases at figures below the market price and of proposing, in some instances, that Rockefeller Center take over their unexpired leases for the space they were then occupying, provided they move into the Center at once. According to the Rockefeller Center people, this was ordinary real-estate practice, something like the loss-leader principle in department stores; furthermore, they pointed out, in most cases they were offering a modern layout, in which the space was better arranged than it was in the older buildings. August Heckscher, from whose Heckscher Building the Center snagged Universal Pictures, voiced the general indignation of midtown realtors in January, 1934, when, charging unfair competition and coercion in obtaining tenants, he sued the board of directors of Rockefeller Center, which by that time included Nelson, for $10,000,000. "This modern Frankenstein thus steps through the door of special privilege," said Mr. Heckscher, making the usual mistake about Frankenstein. Papers were served, but Heckscher dropped the case before it got to court. Rockefeller, through whose individual efforts approximately three hundred thousand of the Center's four million square feet of space had been rented, never seemed to doubt that he was performing a public service. "We are not just taking tenants from other buildings to fill our space," he said on the occasion of breaking ground for the Italian Building in Rockefeller Center, "but industries new to this country are actually being fostered and developed; thereby we are adding to, rather than competing for, the existing business."

Rockefeller's shrewdness is balanced by an easygoing charm, which made him the logical man, as the Center's various buildings were completed, to open bunny gardens in the Sunken Plaza, dedicate wisteria exhibits and skating rinks, present certificates and gold buttons to outstanding construction workers, and so on. On these occasions he made graceful little speeches with the manner of a particularly articulate and successful basketball coach. His father gradually gave him more responsibility, and in 1938 he became president of the Center. By then he had developed two other major interests, art and oil, which converged in Latin America. He acquired a collection of paintings by Central and South American artists, was elected a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and a vice-president of the Museum of Modern Art, and was put on the board of the Creole Petroleum Corporation, a Standard Oil affiliate which controls oil properties in Venezuela. During the late nineteen-thirties he made several trips to South America, inspecting family properties and advising employees there to study Spanish and to assume a more tolerant attitude toward their Latin-American neighbors. "He built up contacts and made sincere friends," an oil man who went along on one of these trips has said.

Nelson is probably the most ambitious of all living Rockefellers, and in 1938 he began to feel discouraged by the fact that he was thirty years old and the president of only one really large organization. This dilemma was straightened out the following year, when he became president of the Museum of Modern Art, succeeding A. Conger Goodyear, then in his sixties and one of the founders, along with Nelson's mother, of the Museum in 1929. Rockefeller's elevation to this fashionable aesthetic post coincided with the moving of the Museum from modest quarters in Rockefeller Center to a spectacular building of its own on West Fifty-third Street. The opening was marked by a fifteen-minute congratulatory address by President Roosevelt on

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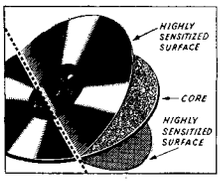

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blasted at her with their six-inch guns, and sped back into the smoke. Sometimes the men on the Exeter could see one of the light, swift cruisers as she cut in at the Spee, and they cheered.

After her bridge was hit, the Exeter, still heading straight for the Spee, was practically out of commission. The captain ordered one last move. The Spee was now only five miles away and getting closer; her outlines were plain and she was throwing shell after shell. The Exeter turned around and the two guns in the after turret were brought to bear on the Spee and fired. "That must have done something," Cameron said. "Those shells, both hits, must have been quite a little surprise to the Spee. She probably thought we should have been out of action long before." The Spee took those blows somewhere amidships, then turned and made for the River Plate and Montevideo, the terriers Ajax and Achilles harrying her most of the way.

Just a few seconds after the Exeter had fired these two decisive shells the electrical system which maneuvered the guns went dead, the ship having sprung several leaks and the generators being flooded. For a minute the men and officers stood quiet on the deck, almost in awe, as they watched the Spee turn tail.

The boiler rooms had not been damaged and the Exeter was still under steam, so, listing badly to starboard, she started toward the Falkland Islands, eleven hundred miles away; after the Battle of the Falklands in the first World War, the British had put up an emergency hospital for the use of the Navy. The ship was in bad shape—guns smashed, bridge destroyed, electric power gone. Out of a crew of about four hundred, sixty-eight had been killed and more than a hundred wounded. The battle, which began at six-fifteen in the morning, had lasted seventy minutes.

AS the Exeter headed for the Falklands, Cameron told me, he leaned against one of the few remaining stanchions on the deck and lit a cigarette. He was glad when the order came to "splice the main brace," an order given by victorious British sea captains since before Trafalgar. Casks of rum were rolled out, and each man and officer was given a double tot. Those who couldn't walk were given their drinks where they lay.

The next three days were bad. The South Atlantic in December is blistering hot, and the sun beat down cruelly on the twisted steel decks of the Exeter. "Our hospital was filled," Cameron said, "and we had wounded stowed

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us out before we got her in our range. She let go with her forward guns and made a direct hit on our Marines' turret forward, knocking out two of our six eight-inch rifles. Seven out of the sixteen men in the turret were killed outright and the rest of them were badly wounded. I could see that one fellow, a Marine named Russell, had a great piece of metal through his left arm. He walked back toward my crew. I started to put a tourniquet on this arm, and he said, 'My God, no! The other one!' I looked, and his right arm was blown off above the elbow. He said he hadn't noticed it himself until he started to open a door of the turret with his right hand and found it wasn't there. I finally got him to let me put tourniquets on both arms. He wouldn't lie down—kept walking up and down the deck all during the battle, cheering the men."

I asked Cameron to tell me how he felt as the Exeter, its guns not yet within range of the Spee, steamed into the enemy fire, and he tried. "You are angry and you are proud," he said thoughtfully. "There is so much to do, so much happening, so much noise. You get courage for yourself knowing that the men with you are so fine and that your country depends on you."

THE Exeter was hit again forward and flames appeared on the deck. Then two of the four-inch guns were knocked out. The four-inch crews freed by the disabling of their guns helped fight the flames on the ship. Below-decks fire had broken out too, and the men in the regular fire-fighting crew worked until they fell, overcome by smoke or exhaustion. The ship's small hospital was filled. The hospital assistants ran out of stretchers and the dead and wounded were kept on the deck, tucked into corners where they would be out of the way of the men still fighting. Here and there a rushing seaman stopped to make a moaning man more comfortable. The ship's surgeon went from one wounded man to another.

At last the Exeter came within effective range of the Spee (about ten miles) and opened fire with her four remaining eight-inch guns. They scored hit after hit. From the Exeter the men could see bursts of flame on the Spee as their shells struck. They could also see huge orange jets of flame as the heavy German guns sent tons of metal and explosive toward them. A burst of flame, a few seconds, and then, usually, a rending crash somewhere on their own ship; a few men dead, more wounded men moaning. A delayed-action shell ripped through the bridge of the Exeter and burst as it neared the deck. The bridge was wrecked and every man on it except the captain and a midshipman was killed. The wireless transmitter was also wrecked by the same shell, and the ship's three wireless operators were killed. Cameron's station on the deck was near the bridge, and one of his two remaining guns was blown away by this direct hit. The other gun was useless, because it was on the wrong side of the deck. The shellburst set fire to one of two ammunition lockers near the guns. The lockers are wooden boxes about the size of steamer trunks and contain a store of ammunition to be used when shells are not being sent up quickly enough from the magazines.

Cameron ordered his men away from the locker. It blew up with a terrific explosion. Two men who were slow in getting away were killed. The second locker caught fire. Cameron did not think the mid-section of the cruiser could stand another such blast, and, telling the other men to stay behind cover, he, together with the seaman in the greatcoat and underwear, went to the locker and beat out the flames with the coat. The shells and ammunition cases in the locker were splitting in the heat and it seemed likely that they would explode at any moment. Cameron and the sailor, with the fantastic strength that men sometimes attain in great emergencies, shoved the locker over the side into the water. (For this act, months later, the King personally pinned a D.S.C. on Cameron and a Conspicuous Gallantry Medal on the seaman.)

THE shell which destroyed the bridge, set fire to the ammunition locker, and knocked out the third of Cameron's guns also wrecked the Exeter's steering and fire-control systems. The captain went to the stern of the ship and, getting his bearings with a compass taken from one of the Exeter's small boats, directed two helmsmen at the emergency handwheel. Orders for the men at the guns and for the fire-fighting and repair crews were shouted by the captain to the first of a chain of sailors who relayed them to the men forward. A shell hit the second forward turret of the Exeter and smashed two of the remaining four eight-inch guns, leaving in operation only two guns in the after turret. "But by this time," Cameron said, "the Spee herself was far from undamaged and was slowing down." The Ajax and the Achilles now and then darted out of their smoke screens, thrust in close to the Spee,

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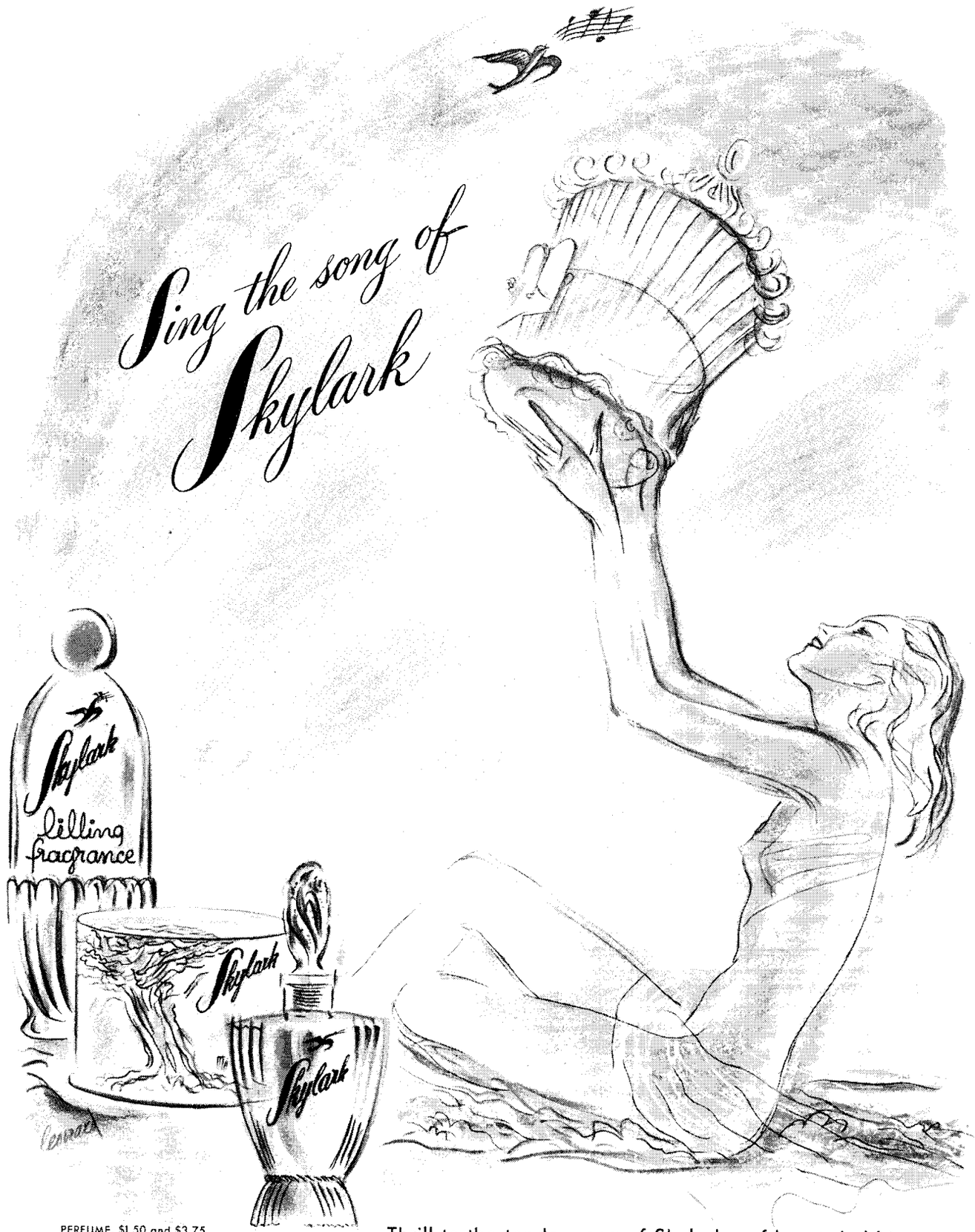

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them, if you don't mind telling me." "No," he said, "I wouldn't mind, and possibly you'd find the story interesting now and then." He poured us more tea and settled down to his account.

CAMERON, at the time, had been a midshipman on H.M.S. Exeter, an 8,390-ton cruiser with six eight-inch guns and four four-inch guns, which was cruising the South Atlantic in December, 1939, with the light cruisers Ajax and Achilles. (The Exeter was sunk off Java on March 1st, 1942.) The three ships were looking for the Admiral Graf Spee, the German pocket battleship which had been raiding shipping off the east coast of South America. On the afternoon of December 12th, Commodore H. Harwood Harwood, the "admiral" of the squadron, called the captains of the three vessels into conference on the Ajax and discussed the strategy they would use if they should flush the heavily armed and armored Spee. "Nelson, you know," Cameron said, "always discussed his battles with his commanders before he fought them." That night Cameron took the watch from midnight until four A.M. At four, he was asked to stand an additional dawn watch for an hour and a half, which he did, and then turned in. "I found out later," he said, "that shortly after six o'clock our lookout reported smoke on the horizon. The deck officer looked through his glasses and saw what appeared to be a gigantic range-finder steaming along alone without a ship under it. He knew it could not be a friendly ship, and finally he recognized it as the Spee. The Spee, you know, had a tremendous superstructure forward and an extremely large range-finder."

The call to battle stations was sounded on a bugle, but Cameron, in the first, dead half-hour of sleep, didn't hear it and had to be wakened by a sailor. "It was the most beautiful day I have ever seen in the South Atlantic," he said. "We were near the mouth of the River Plate, and it was a warm, delightful morning, and a calm sea. I went up to my place on deck. The sailors, many of them, were in pajamas and others were in their underwear."

The battle plan Commodore Harwood had decided on was that the Exeter, which was more heavily armed than the Ajax or the Achilles, should move directly toward the battleship, attracting its fire, while the two other ships, after laying down smoke screens, should harry the Spee by darting in and out of them at her. The plan had been drawn up so carefully that once the Exeter, which was the first to sight the enemy, ran up a flag to that effect, no other communications between the three cruisers were necessary. The Spee headed toward the Exeter and the Exeter steamed at full speed toward the Spee, while the Ajax and the Achilles swung, zigzagging, in great half-circles to get on the opposite side of the enemy ship. The Spee, which the Germans thought could be both outrun and outgunned only by a huge, fast battle cruiser, was built to outrun a battleship and outgun a cruiser. She would have had good reason to expect the three British cruisers, all lighter and faster than she was, to flee without putting up a fight. She carried eleven-inch guns as against the eight-inch guns of the Exeter. Its secondary battery equalled in size the six-inch armament of the Ajax and the Achilles. Only the eight-inch shells of the Exeter could pierce the heavy armor of the Spee; the six-inch shells of the other cruisers could be expected only to damage the superstructure of the German ship. Naval statisticians have figured that the Spee could fire a broadside weighing a total of 4,700 pounds, whereas a combined broadside from the three British ships would have weighed only 3,136 pounds. According to Cameron, there is a legend among British naval men that Hans Langsdorff, captain of the Spee, said, as he saw the British ships attacking, "The impertinence of those English, opposing us with those little ships!"

"With full steam up," Cameron said, "the Ex and the Spee were approaching each other at the combined rate of fifty knots, at least. The other cruisers looked beautiful as they went by us to quarter the Spee with great, boiling wakes behind them in the morning light. I saw a flash on the Spee and after a while I heard an ungodly shriek as the shells went over our heads. That was the first time I had been on the receiving end, and I never expected shells would sound that loud. They exploded in the water."

The next few minutes were hell. The Spee could reach the Exeter with her eleven-inch guns, whereas the Exeter couldn't reach the Spee and therefore just had to take the Spee's fire without being able to return a shot. Cameron was officer of quarters, stationed amidships at the Exeter's four four-inch guns. Cameron and the twenty men under him stood by their guns; one of the sailors, Cameron noticed in the excitement, was wearing a greatcoat over his underwear.

"The Spee concentrated on the Exeter," Cameron said, "to try and knock

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

D.S.C.

AMONG the British warships which in the past few months have put into the Brooklyn Navy Yard for repairs is His Majesty's Ship Phoebe, a light cruiser of 5,450 tons. While the vessel was here, one of Mussolini's press releases announced that she had been sunk. Upon hearing the news, a high-spirited young man in the British Press Service in New York telephoned the Navy Yard, got a connection to the Phoebe, and asked, "How you doing?" She was doing all right. But at that the Phoebe had taken some licks from someone somewhere (exactly in what form, where, at what time, and how would be information of value to the enemy) and needed some expert overhauling. When she sailed into New York Harbor she looked intact, but, as one of her officers remarked, "She is a bit shaken up and her insides are extremely tangled." A while ago I was invited to meet some of the Phoebe's officers aboard ship. I had an especially long talk, over tea, with Lieutenant Archibald Cameron, who has been with the Phoebe for the last year and a half.

Lieutenant Cameron is a slight, dark-haired, oval-faced Scot of twenty-three who looks more like a divinity student than a naval man. His family has a farm near the Firth of Clyde. As far back as he can remember, he wanted to be in the Navy. His father, he told me, might have had something to do with this desire. The elder Cameron had wanted to go to sea when he was young, but his father said he wouldn't permit it, so he ran away and shipped on a sailing vessel. He stuck to the sea and stuck to sailing vessels, too, until steam had practically driven sail off the seas. A stubborn man, he refused to learn steam, and finally felt there was nothing for him to do but to return to Scotland and farming. Lieutenant Cameron entered the British Navy as a midshipman when he was seventeen. He was a "special entry" man, which means that he became an officer by passing stiff competitive examinations instead of by attending a Navy training school.

Cameron was wearing a dusty old blue uniform when we met. His double-breasted jacket was open and I could see the blue cable-knit sweater he wore beneath it. Occasionally, as he talked, his stiff white collar pulled away from his neckband. He said it was impossible for anyone on the Phoebe to show form while she was being repaired in the Yard. The vessel was swarming with welders, fitters, painters, machinists, ordinary workmen, and seamen. Some men were trying to take a piano up a narrow, steep stairway past a group of riveters who insisted that their work was more important than piano-moving. The ship was noisy; in fact, the entire Navy Yard was noisy. Dust and dirt were everywhere. Cameron and I had our tea in the Phoebe's wardroom, or officers' lounge. It was a quiet, green-walled room with a few easy chairs, a davenport, and a long dining table, around which were a number of straight-back chairs. On one wall were a dart-game board and photographs of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. As we came in a couple of officers were playing darts; their aim was good and their darts were crowded around the bull's-eye. There were a few other pictures on the walls—a print of a marsh at evening, two prints of ducks flying, a water color of a sea battle.

Cameron and I sat at the long table and drank tea from large white cups and nibbled at slices of a yellow frosted cake which one of the ship's cooks had baked that morning. The Lieutenant talked gravely but easily. He surprised me when he told me his age; I had taken him to be at least five or six years older, not so much because of his appearance as because of the authoritative way he spoke to the seamen and the way the other officers acted toward him. He talked about the exploits of the Phoebe in the Mediterranean—evacuations from Greece and Crete, running the blockade off Tobruk, and so on. Shortly after meeting him, I had noticed a little blue-and-white ribbon he wore on his jacket, and when our conversation reached a lull I asked him what it meant. "Oh, that's the D.S.C.," he said. "You know, the Distinguished Service Cross. I got it in the Battle of the Plate—the Graf Spee incident, you know." Then he jumped back to the subject of the Phoebe. At the next pause I said, "Now, about that Graf Spee incident and that D.S.C. I'd like to hear more about

"Would you mind looking into the right-hand pocket of my coat and see if I turned off my radio?"

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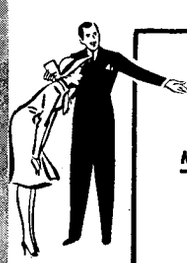

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Stir with cracked ice
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Erskin, the director, understands and admires what Mr. Steinbeck is trying to do to an almost embarrassing degree; with one or two exceptions, the actors can't be blamed for seeming a little unsure about what kind of people they are supposed to represent; and the settings are at least as Norwegian as anything you ever saw in "Hedda Gabler." The audience on the opening night was one of the croupiest in the memory of mortal man. —Wolcott Gibbs

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "Jacob," by Irving Fineman*]

His father . . . was . . . a man of . . . sensibility . . . —*Page 17.*

. . . it is us, the men of . . . sensibility . . . —*Page 33.*

. . . you . . . will be a man of sensibility . . . —*Page 52.*

. . . I used to comfort myself with the fact that the Jacobs, the frailer men of sensibility . . . —*Page 85.*

. . . a man of mind and sensibility . . . —*Page 121.*

. . . my service under Laban seemed unworthy of a man of sensibility . . . —*Page 129.*

For men of mind and sensibility . . . —*Page 130.*

. . . the imagination of the man of sensibility . . . —*Page 134.*

Which of these two is more difficult for a man of sensibility it is difficult to say . . . —*Page 134.*

. . . women . . . prefer men of sensibility . . . —*Page 135.*

And when I said it is the men of sensibility . . . whom women, for the most part, prefer . . . —*Page 143.*

It is men, not women, who are romantic, especially men of sensibility. —*Page 143.*

What Rachel had not known . . . was that men of sensibility . . . —*Page 150.*

Then why, I wondered again . . . why do women prefer men of sensibility? —*Page 170.*

. . . men of sensibility love their women and appeal to their spirits . . . —*Page 186.*

. . . the mind of a man of sensibility is apt, if anything, to increase his sense of insecurity. —*Page 196.*

. . . it is a mistake for men of sensibility to assume . . . —*Page 207.*

And the odd thing about the female —to the thoughtful male, to the man of sensibility . . . —*Page 239.*

. . . and for the most part to cherish the inevitable destiny of the man of sensibility. —*Page 255.*

. . . it is made no less dangerous for the man of sensibility . . . to disguise himself . . . —*Page 255.*

. . . our world appears to have fallen . . . under the influence of men of sensibility . . . —*Page 262.*

. . . both of which the man of sensibility needs. —*Page 292.*

. . . the spirit of the man of sensibility and good will must and shall survive . . . —*Page 294.*

. . . for those men of sensibility . . . you will . . . bring forth . . . —*Page 294.*

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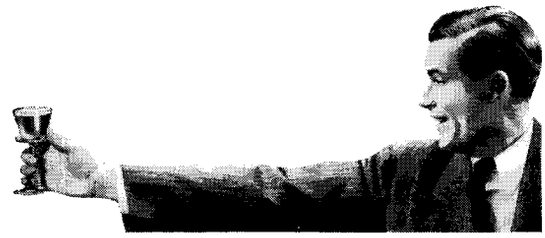

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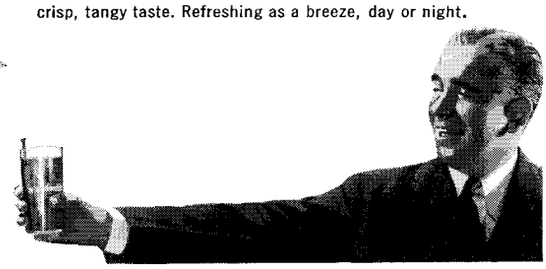

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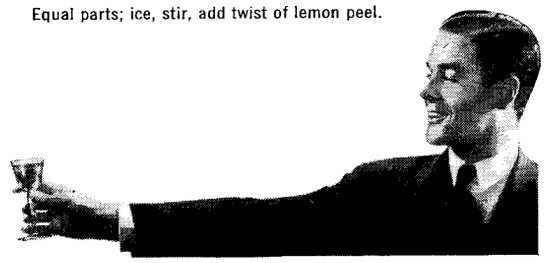

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Aperitif Wine. Alcohol 19% by Volume...Copr. 1942, Schenley Import Corporation, N. Y.

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THE THEATRE

THIS WASN'T IT

ONE of the interesting things about the criticism of "The Moon Is Down" has been a widespread attempt to distinguish between its merits as a play and as a novel. It isn't easy to understand this point of view. For my money, a rather silly and disappointing book was transferred with remarkable fidelity to the stage, where automatically it became a rather silly and disappointing drama. Clifton Fadiman, operating elsewhere in these pages, has said of Mr. Steinbeck's work: "I cannot see 'The Moon Is Down' as anything more than brilliantly manipulated melodrama, the effect of whose propaganda is at least debatable." I can think of no reason for revising this opinion in the light of the performance at the Martin Beck, except to say that I am not entirely sure about the adverb "brilliantly," and also that various inadequacies of casting and direction have succeeded, perhaps brilliantly, in underlining its faults, both of thought and construction.

Mr. Steinbeck's essential point—that free men won't stay conquered—seemed to me even more feebly made on the stage than it was in the book. Owing to a certain quality about most of the actors employed—some strange combination of apprehensive geniality and soft charm—it often appeared that Mr. Steinbeck was really trying to say that if the inhabitants of the occupied countries were only sufficiently rude to the invaders, they would all shortly succumb to nervous breakdowns and go away. The conquered, in other words, need do no more to dispose of the conqueror than to cut him socially. As Mr. Fadiman and others have pointed out, this may well be a dangerous idea, encouraging lethargy.

Specifically, about "The Moon Is Down" in its stage version, I would like to bring up the following points:

It is a mistake, in my opinion, to establish the exact number of the defending forces at twelve men. There are conceivably seaports in Europe guarded by no more than a dozen soldiers, but the literary effect is to create what might be described as a phony microcosm. When I was given these statistics, I was instantly reminded of such works of the imagination as "Where the Blue Begins" and "The Journey of Tapiola," and began to see the show in terms of various kinds of dogs.

It is a mistake, this time of direction, to cause the invading Nazis to recoil in horror from the local Quisling. The Germans are a realistic people convinced of their right to rule the world, and they don't disapprove of foreign traitors. They regard them as men of vision and taste, and do their best to reward them suitably.

The character of the cook, a woman called Annie, who throws boiling water on the Nazis is just elementary Dickens. The result of this kind of humor is to reduce anything Mr. Steinbeck might have to say to absurdity.

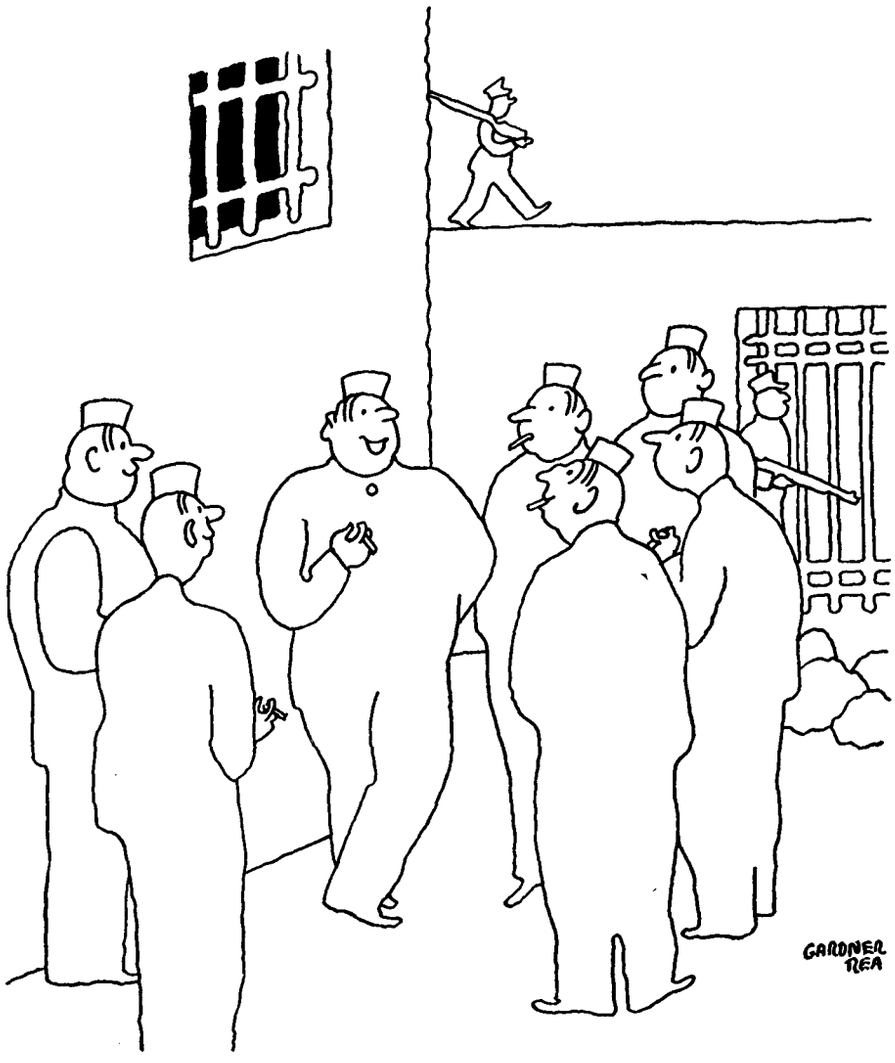
I suspect the device of having the Nazi colonel correct the final speech (a quotation from Socrates) of a man who is about to be shot as being unworthy of a reputable writer. As a matter of fact, I also suspect the quotation from Socrates.

I do not believe that the following (in a scene between a woman, whose husband has been executed by a firing squad, and a German lieutenant) has any particular resemblance to the speech of human beings: "You are a civilized man. You know that love-making is more full and whole and delightful if there is liking, too."

Finally, it seems to me unlikely that chocolate bars and sticks of dynamite dropped down in tiny blue parachutes are apt to be very effective instruments of sabotage.

Altogether, I think we had better describe the whole thing as the wish or dream of a man of high moral purpose and unquestionable talent who somehow or other got carried away by a bad idea.

About the physical details of the production at the Martin Beck, I am anxious to be as charitable as possible. There can be no question that Chester



"Yes, sir, in my day I've cost the State of New York a pretty penny."

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husband's associates and visiting Latin Americans and discreetly disappears after the meal if, as is often the case, the gathering is predominantly masculine. At these functions, Rockefeller, whose almost fanatical application to his job has aggravated a bad sinus condition from which he suffers, usually drinks a combination of sherry and orange juice, although occasionally, in the interest of hemispheric good will, he will sip a glass of Chilean wine. He does not share his father's well-known views on temperance, however, and his guests may drink whatever they want. He often stirs up highballs for them himself and generally makes them rather too strong. He is interested in food only as a means of keeping himself sturdy enough to attend the maximum of conferences, generate the maximum of ideas, and impress his opinions on the maximum of people without collapsing. "Headwaiters hover deferentially when he comes in," a gourmet restaurant companion of Rockefeller's has reported, "only to become horrified when he orders two lamb chops and mashed potatoes."

Once or twice a year, Rockefeller goes on a brief hunting trip in the Yukon or in Texas. He has a sentimental admiration for the outdoors. Aside from his work and the outdoors, his only important interest is his family. As a son, he still gets to Pocantico Hills occasionally for the traditional Sunday family lunch with his parents; three or four of his brothers usually turn up too, and the boys, after telling their father how they are getting along in the world, talk over their philanthropies, which are handled by a corporation called the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, Inc. As a father, Rockefeller, who has made his three eldest children take up the study of Spanish, has all five of them lined up at the dining-room table every morning at seven forty-five. During the half-hour before he is driven to his office, he breakfasts with them, reads the papers to them, and answers their questions about world affairs. He has told them that he thinks Hitler and Hirohito are up to no good and that it is both important and natural for us to cultivate a friendly attitude toward our Latin-American neighbors, and they agree. —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(This is the second of two articles on Mr. Rockefeller.)

•

Character is what we are when we are alone with ourselves in the dark.—*Patchwork.*

Or, better yet, with someone else in the dark.

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Gala Stage Revue • Symphony Orchestra
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a national hookup and by a speech by Rockefeller, in which he outlined the purposes of the Museum and explained the reasons for his interest in it. He rather pointedly failed, however, either to mention that it had already been in existence for ten years or to allude to the part which Mr. Goodyear and others had played in founding it and in building it up. "It sounded as though the Museum had just opened that night," a member of the audience later reported. "It came as quite a surprise to the staff."

As a trustee of the Metropolitan, Rockefeller had had to defer to that institution's president, the late George Blumenthal, a man of iron will; as president of the Modern Museum, he deferred to no one and initiated a policy which, reflecting his own artistic and business interests, favored the exhibition of Latin-American paintings and sculpture. Two of the biggest shows Rockefeller put on consisted of "Twenty Centuries of Mexican Art" and the paintings of Candido Portinari, a Brazilian whose work Rockefeller admires and collects. Rockefeller has a feeling for textures and colors and takes more interest than his wife does in the decoration of the houses they occupy in Manhattan, Tarrytown, Seal Harbor, and (for the duration, at least) the Georgetown district of the capital, but his attitude toward art is more than merely aesthetic. "The exhibition should contribute to a better understanding of the people and the cultural life of Mexico at this time," he said at the opening of the Mexican exhibit, "when there is such widespread interest throughout this country in our Latin-American neighbors."

As the Modern Museum's president, he cut down expenses by introducing an efficiency expert, made generous gifts of art and of cash out of his own pocket, persuaded others to follow his example, and, especially through lending his name, helped get the Museum publicity, which may have had something to do with the rise in the Museum's membership within a year from thirty-five hundred to nearly eight thousand. His colleagues at the Museum appreciated the growing popularity of their institution, but some of them remained skeptical of President Rockefeller's ability to recognize the beautiful, the good, and the true. "We had a terrible time getting him over the habit of referring to the Museum's permanent collection as 'the stuff downstairs,' " one of them has said.

Rockefeller relinquished the presidency of the Museum to Jock Whitney in August, 1940, when Roosevelt, by appointing him to his present post in Washington, provided him with a bigger and more logical theatre of operations for winning Latin-American friendship. This appointment was the result of a series of business and pleasure trips Rockefeller had made south of the Rio Grande. His companions, at one time or another, included Jay Crane, treasurer of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey; Wallace K. Harrison, one of the Rockefeller Center architects and the architect of two of Rockefeller's houses; and Joseph Rovensky, a vice-president and director of the Chase Bank. In 1938, these men, all of whom had business interests in Latin America, began, along with Beardsley Ruml, a director of the Spelman Fund and a good friend of Rockefeller's who had also travelled a lot in South America, a series of informal meetings at which they told one another what they thought was wrong with our hemispheric relations and what ought to be done about them. Rockefeller's favorite theme was the lamentable lack of rapport between United States governmental and business interests there. In the spring of 1940, at Rockefeller's suggestion, Ruml prepared a memorandum summarizing the five men's ideas on Latin America. As an adviser of the National Resources Planning Board, Ruml was a familiar figure in Washington; he was an old friend of Harry Hopkins, to whom he and Rockefeller presented the memorandum in June, 1940. This document, about a thousand words long, knowingly discussed our business, diplomatic, and cultural approach to Latin America, and, taking into account the obvious fact that the war was closing European markets to this area, made a series of recommendations regarding trade, investment, raw materials, and public administration, all of them emphasizing how necessary it was to integrate the economic life of the various countries of the Western Hemisphere. It intimated that the State Department had not been too successful in bringing about this sort of integration and it urged that the government set up a separate organization which, being not so conspicuously an arm of the government, would have more freedom of action. Hopkins gave the memorandum to Roosevelt and told him that in his opinion such an agency should be established and Rockefeller should head it. Mrs. Anna Rosenberg, another close friend of Roosevelt's, whose protean activities include the running of the New York Social Security Board and assisting Rockefeller Center with its labor-relations problems, gave the President the same advice. After two months' reflection, the President created the Office of the Coördinator of Commercial and Cultural Relations Between the American Republics, now known as the Office of the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs, and named Rockefeller its chief.

DURING his first year as Coördinator, Rockefeller spent his weekdays in Washington and on weekends joined his wife and five children in New York, Tarrytown, or Seal Harbor. He rented a large house in Georgetown and invited Carl Spaeth, one of his earliest co-workers in the agency and now an Assistant Coördinator, to live with him there, along with Mrs. Spaeth. The place soon developed into a kind of boarding house for Rockefeller staff members. As the department grew from a nucleus of three or four persons to several hundred, Rockefeller urged incoming department heads to stay with him until they could find suitable quarters in Washington for themselves and their families. Sometimes there were as many as fifteen house guests. Evenings were devoted to discussions of what progress was being made on the Latin-American front and to topics that ranged from weighty economic projects to how to handle such well-wishers as the contributor of an office song entitled "I Am a Pan American" or a man who suggested that the problem of hemispheric solidarity could be solved by making all unmarried North Americans marry South Americans, thus providing for a really cousinly future. Rockefeller, who is not self-conscious about his wealth and who generally matches coins to see who will pay for the meal when he lunches with someone from his office, was never a patronizing host; the atmosphere of his establishment was that of a rather democratic fraternity house. "Not many people feel they're with a Rockefeller when they're with this kid," an older member of his staff said recently.

Beardsley Ruml and Anna Rosenberg, both of whom are on committees of the Coördinator's Office, are still frequently put up by Rockefeller when they come to Washington, but the Georgetown boarding-house period really ended last fall, when Mrs. Rockefeller and the children—four boys and a girl, ranging from three to nine—came to live in the capital. The long driveway leading to the house is now bordered with signs reading "Slow. Children." Mrs. Rockefeller, whose chief interest is her household, presides at large dinners for her

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away in every conceivable corner of the ship, even in the blacksmith shop. We tried to make them as comfortable as we could, and the surgeon never slept. Every once in a while a man screamed. But that wasn't as bad as the smell—burnt paint and woodwork, blood and burnt flesh, and cordite, all blended in a horrible, horrible smell."

At the end of three days the Exeter arrived in the Falklands—desolate, windswept islands off the Straits of Magellan, near the southern tip of South America. Although the hospital was well supplied with beds and medicine, there were only two doctors, aside from the ship's surgeon, and three nurses on the islands. Other surgeons were brought over by boat from Buenos Aires. "The people in the Falklands were wonderful," Cameron said. "All the girls had taken nurses' training and they came down from the hill country and helped. Tough country lassies, every one of them, and wonderful nurses. They saw sights that would turn the strongest man's stomach, and yet they went ahead, changing dressings, giving the men tender care. We were there a number of months, and you know, at least a dozen of our men married Falkland girls. The people there, of course, are mostly of Scottish descent." He smiled, and then became grave again as he told how Russell, the man whose arm had been blown off, died in the hospital. Russell was posthumously awarded the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal.

THE Battle of the Plate took place on Wednesday, December 13, 1939. The Exeter arrived in the Falklands that Saturday. On the following evening, the men of the crew heard on their radio how Captain Langsdorff stood in a launch in the harbor outside Montevideo, saluted, and then pressed a button which set off explosives that sent the Graf Spee to rest in shallow water. "I don't really know how we felt there in the Falklands," Cameron said. "A little odd, I suppose, a little sad, and a little angry that we were not the ones to sink her. Some of us thought we would have liked to be at Montevideo to see her go, but I'm not so sure I would have enjoyed being there—you know, watching a ship, a good ship, a ship the German people had been so proud of, destroyed by her own hand." —MARK MURPHY

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Headline in the Boston Globe*]

AL VANDERBILT GOOD "CATCH" FOR GIRL WHO REALLY LIKES HORSES

"THE DRINK MEN WON'T FORGET"

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A bright spot in anyone's day.
As dry as Maine wit, I'm a whale of a hit
At least that's what connoisseurs say.

I'm frankly a MERRY MARTINI
An olive surrounded by cheer.
Folks hearing my name say "Make mine the same"
My fame extends widely and near.

I'm frankly a MERRY MARTINI
As gay as an infectious grin
But I actually owe my get up and go
To a good thing to know...
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THE ART GALLERIES

Big Ones

BY an odd and somewhat overwhelming coincidence, our two largest annuals, the Independents and the National Academy, have opened simultaneously this year, and the effect, at least on this reviewer, is slightly disconcerting. Handling even one of these behemoths of the arts, I've discovered, is enough of a problem. Taking two of them on at once is like having two elephant acts on your hands and only one ring to present them in. In their separate spheres both shows are rather better than usual this year, too, which only adds to the difficulty.

The Independents, at the Fine Arts Galleries, in particular seemed to me to represent a considerable improvement over last year's affair, which, as I recall, showed a dangerous tendency toward respectability. That was a trend, of course, which, if continued, would have been bad. The Independents is the one great refuge and proving ground for the young and untried artist, as well as for the Sunday painter and the eccentric, and for it to relinquish this, I feel, would be plain disastrous. The present showing, however, reverses the tendency, and so all's well again. Prominent names crop up here and there—John Sloan, Doris Rosenthal, José De Creeft, and so on—and there is good work, too, by such hardly less well-known people as Doris Caesar, Byron Browne, and Vincent Spagna. But the majority of the space is given over, as it should be, to the youngsters, the amateurs, and the primitives, and among them you will find a vigor and inventiveness that are truly encouraging. You'll want to make your own discoveries, naturally, but don't overlook, among the oils, Olga Margolis' brightly atmospheric "From My Window," Elizabeth Lancaster's "Autumn Moonlight," and Nathaniel Koffman's boldly stylized "Women at the Stream." I liked, too, Nathaniel Dirk's tightly composed "The Net Menders" and Helen Skelton's really stunning Expressionist "Stream in the Redwoods Country," not to mention such lively examples of naïve imagery as E. Brygider's timely warning to sailors on leave in the metropolis called "52nd Street and Sixth Avenue" or Arnold Plancher's apocalyptic "Judgment, the President Dream."

The sculpture section is so uniformly good that one can hardly go wrong anywhere in it, but in a long list of outstanding pieces I'd like to mention Sally Ryan's large, well-posed bronze "Christ," Mitzi Solomon's sleek "Silver Figure," Yonny Segel's blocky, sympathetic "Blind Woman," and William J. Sewell's two tense, effectively stylized plaster figures, "Humanity, Opus 53" and "Mankind, Opus 54."

An innovation this year—and one that I think might well be adopted in all the big contemporary group showings for as long as the war lasts—is a section devoted to works by artists in the armed services. Some seventy pieces are included, and though many of them are sketchy and amateurish, they reflect an interest in artistic effort that should certainly be kept alive and encouraged in such days as these, while a few—S. K. Jewett Campbell's subtly allusive "Flight into Egypt," Werner Koepf's "The Screen," and Gene Tepper's adroit little stone head called "Sailor," for instance—represent really sound and skillful accomplishment.

ROAMING through the National Academy show, held this year at the Academy's own galleries at 1083 Fifth Avenue (89th), I was struck as never before by the fact that, in art as in other things, extremes do meet, sometimes in curious fashion. As Harry B. Watrous, former president of the Academy, and Pierre Roy, one of the early French surrealists, both working along entirely different lines, arrived eventually at a strikingly similar style, so you'll find in the present show a number of canvases which, determinedly academic though they may be, seem oddly to echo the mannerisms of the most advanced modern schools. This is true of Charles S. Chapman's "Grand Canyon of the Colorado," for example, which, in its finicking insistence on long-range detail, bears a strange resemblance to some of Eugene Berman's desert paintings, and it is true of Albert P. Lucas's "Moon-Rise," in which a mood of misty chiaroscuro leads him into a sort of light-struck Expressionism. An efflorescence of the conservative tradition is at the bottom of it all, I imagine, a going-to-seed of academicism that brings it somehow parallel to the decadent side of modern inspiration, and the result is occasionally startling.

This is almost the only startling thing about the collection, however, though, as I've said, the tone seems definitely higher than it has been in previous years. Certainly a more than usual amount of sound, competent, if predominantly unexciting work is to be found—John E. Costigan's pleasantly pastoral "The Two Youngsters," let us say, and William Thon's strongly accented "The Creek," as well as Harry Leith-Ross's "Canal at Dusk" and the really fine "Abandoned" by Eugene Higgins.

THERE is some confusion nowadays about what the artist can do, purely as an artist, in our war effort, but unquestionably Thomas Benton, in his current exhibition at the Associated American Artists, shows us what he should not do. Eight paintings make up the group, and from the first, in which the living Christ on the Cross is portrayed as being machine-gunned by a Nazi plane, to the last and largest, in which an American soldier is shown pecking away with a bayonet at the opened belly of a Moloch-like Japanese monster, there is a mingling of the grotesque, the hysterical, and the vulgar that in the circumstances is horrible to contemplate. Mr. Benton, we are told, has painted the entire series since Pearl Harbor, which may explain its artistic incoherence. The main fact that confronts us now is that it isn't war that is pictured—not war as the British artists showed it to us, with admirable restraint and dignity, in their exhibit at the Modern Museum last year; or war as, with grimness, decency, and courage, our soldiers are fighting it now; or war, indeed, in any sense except that of cliché and rhetoric and crass emotionalism. I don't think that we as a people need that kind of incitement to win this war, and, in fact, there's an aspect of the paintings, an emphasis on Fascist horror and brutality, which is actually more defeatist than anything else. If only for the sake of Mr. Benton's reputation, I regret that the pictures were ever put on exhibition. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

It seems unlikely that many of them brought much with them, for it would have been cheaper to sell or scrap the old furniture than to pay the moving charges. There are also the couples setting up housekeeping for the first time. For some curious reason, war time seems to be a great activator of Dan Cupid. And among these brides you would seem to have what perhaps might be called virtually a virgin market.—*From an address by an official of the Federal Works Agency.*

Well, roughly speaking.

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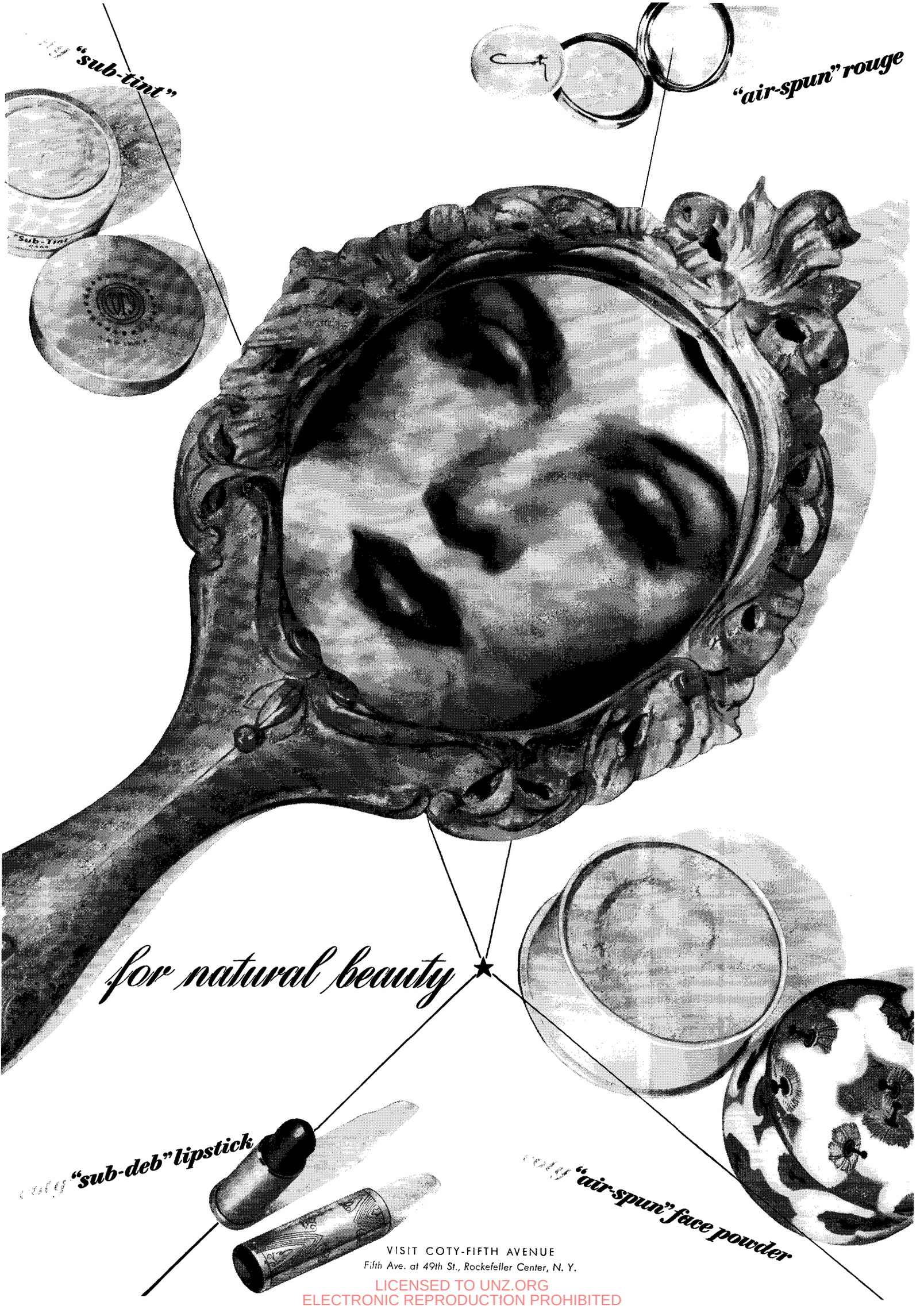

VISIT COTY-FIFTH AVENUE

Fifth Ave. at 49th St., Rockefeller Center, N. Y.

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A MILLION THINGS TO DO

THE two women walked down Fifth Avenue quickly, and their high heels clicked against the sidewalk. It was a gay sound, like the beat of castanets. Their hats, which they wore perched on the tops of their heads, were made of flowers and small bows, and the women dipped their heads like birds when they reached the cross streets, where the wind blew sharply from the East River. Occasionally, one of them would touch her hat lightly with her gloved hand, and then there would be a soft, jingling noise as her bracelets slid toward her elbow. They were both talking at the same time, and it seemed impossible that either could hear what the other was saying. But this was not so, as every now and then one woman would nod her head in agreement and smile brightly. When they got to the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, the woman who wore long silver-fox furs stopped abruptly and clutched her friend's arm. "Good Lord, darling," she said. "*Where* are we going?"

The other woman looked blankly up at the street sign. "Why, I don't *know*," she said. "How did we get so far downtown?"

They began to laugh. "Molly, I give you my word, I haven't the vaguest idea," the first woman said.

"Well," Molly said. "I know I hadn't *any* notion of going any farther down than Fiftieth Street. I had the idea in back of my head somewhere that you wanted something or other that you'd set your heart on. You must know what it is, Rita."

Rita shook her head. "I can't think of a thing," she said. "I had sort of a feeling that *you* wanted something. Something at a place in a funny neighborhood, like a side street in the Thirties. I'm almost sure you did, because that's how we decided to walk in the first place. Don't you remember? You said something about this place, and I said something about it would do us good to walk."

"Isn't that the funniest thing!" Molly said. "I can't even think of it now!"

"Well, we have a million things to do," Rita said. "I've got to get back to Fifty-seventh Street for a fitting, and you wanted to look at Liberty scarves at Peck & Peck."

"I wanted to *ask* about them," Molly said. "I don't want to look at them, *really*. Virginia Willis was telling me something about a new shipment, and you know how she is. I just didn't believe her, so I wanted to ask about them and make sure."

"Where is Peck & Peck?" Rita asked. "Between what streets, I mean. I have an idea we passed it."

"We did," Molly said. "I remember a little plaid topcoat that I thought at the time would look darling on Connie's oldest girl. The one that's so hard to dress."

"Is she hard to dress?"

"Oh, my *dear!*"

THEY turned and started walking back uptown. "Now, we mustn't stay too long," Rita said. "Because I've got to be on time for my fitting. Madeline gets so furious. Someday I'm going to say something to her. I mean a few minutes shouldn't make any difference to her."

"What's Connie's oldest girl's name?" Molly asked. "I've been trying to think of it ever since I saw that plaid coat."

"Virginia?"

"No," Molly said. "You thought of Virginia because we just mentioned Virginia Willis. This name's an odd name. You know the sort of thing Connie would think up. I'm perfectly positive that the child wasn't named for anybody."

"Sometimes I can think of names when I've heard them once," Rita said. "Particularly if they *rhyme* with something. I don't know as I consciously rhyme them. I just do it subconsciously, and when I start to remember, why, I have it instantly."

"I don't think this child's name rhymes with anything," Molly said. "It's a strange name. Like a last name more than a first name. Like Scott, only it isn't Scott. It's longer."

"Well, here we are," Rita said. They stopped and looked into the store window. "Do you *really* like that coat? Because, I must say, I don't at all. I don't like the *colors*. That funny shade of green and red."

"Yes, I like it," Molly said. "Not for myself, naturally, or not for you. But for Connie's child it would be just right. She's very good in strange shades."

"She'd have to have almost neutral coloring to wear that," Rita said. "Because if she were a decided blonde, or decided red-haired or brunette, it would wash out all her good points."

Molly sighed. "She hasn't many good points, poor child. I think I'll just ask them how much it is, and then Connie can come down and look at it."

They entered the store and walked to the rear, where the coats, suits, and dresses hung on racks and in showcases.

"This girl looks intelligent," Molly said. "Let's ask her."

"Oh, Miss," Rita said. She walked toward a salesgirl who was standing near one of the racks. "Miss, I wonder if you could let us see that coat, the plaid coat, that you have in the window."

The salesgirl smiled at her. "What size?" she asked.

Rita turned to her friend. "What size, dear?" she asked.

Molly frowned and pursed her lips. "What size?" she repeated. "I don't really think I know."

"Now, Molly," Rita said. "Try to think. Is she as tall as you are?"

"I think she's almost as tall as I am," Molly answered. "Except I don't think she had on high heels, and I don't think she was quite as heavy as I am."

Rita laughed lightly. "You're not heavy, darling."

"Oh, of course I'm not *heavy*, but this girl is just a child. About fifteen or sixteen, I should say."

"If she looks like her father, she would be very slender," Rita said. "So suppose we say a size twelve and worry about the length *after*."

The salesgirl pushed open a sliding panel and brought out a green-and-plaid coat.

"I didn't notice the beaver on it, did you?" Molly asked.

"No, I didn't, to be perfectly truthful," Rita answered. She turned to the salesgirl. "Would you mind slipping it on so we can *see?*"

The salesgirl put the coat on and turned slowly before them. "Well, what do you think?" Rita asked.

"I think it's very nice. Really *very* nice. Except for the beaver," Molly answered.

"And the colors," Rita said. "I still can't say I really like those colors."

"We have this same coat in other combinations," the salesgirl said.

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"No," Rita said firmly. "My friend has her heart set on those colors."

THE two women smiled graciously at the salesgirl and thanked her. Then they walked out of the store.

"Now what?" Molly asked.

"My fitting," Rita reminded her.

"Well," Molly said, "if we're going to have to go all the way to Fifty-seventh Street, we're simply going to take a cab. I'm dead."

They hailed a cab and sank into the back seat. The driver turned to hear the address they wanted to go to. "Oh, yes," Molly said. "Fifty-seventh Street, between Sixth and Fifth. I'll tell you where when we get there."

The cab started. And suddenly Rita began to laugh. "Now I remember!" she said. "We were on our way to Shackman's. Don't you remember? I wanted to get some sort of joke for Ed. Let's go there now, and then we can go and have my fitting later."

"Let's! I love Shackman's," Molly said. "I found a little black vase in the shape of a corset there once. It was darling. I had it filled with flowers and had it sent to Sybil when she was in the hospital having her baby."

"It must have been *darling*," Rita said. "Well, I must say I'm glad we remembered."

They looked out of the windows, smiling agreeably. Then Rita leaned forward and called sharply to the driver. "Driver! Where are you going?"

"I'm going to Fifty-seventh Street, lady," he said.

"But we don't want to go to Fifty-seventh Street," Rita said. "We want to go to Thirty-fourth and Madison."

She turned and looked at Molly, raising her eyebrows. "It's funny he didn't hear us changing our minds," she said.

—SALLY BENSON

•

A report of a scientific study of rip currents and undertows has recently been released by the Scripps Institution of Oceanography. Most of the data was obtained by observing water levels on a surveyor's body. In this connection Roger Revelle, who stands six feet four inches, was particularly valuable.—*Pomona College News Letter.*

Most of us find our niche somehow.

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THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[*James Thurber in the New Republic*]

If these are German officers, if they are anything else but American actors, I will eat the manuscript of your next play.

CORDIAL QUIZ

WHY SO MUCH INTEREST IN CORDIALS?
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Shake well with *cracked ice*
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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IF you do not string along with me in believing that fashion is an art, then you might as well read something else this week, for I intend to be philosophical. (I hope to throw in my two cents' worth on those new Washington decrees after it becomes clearer what effect they're going to have on styles.) It is my belief that, in common with the other arts, fashion produces, on the one hand, creators struggling to fulfill the immediate desires of the people and, on the other, creators who, from their ivory towers, point to an ideal toward which the people will ultimately wish to go. As Edna St. Vincent Millay would undoubtedly be a flop trying to make a little easy cash by writing with a *True Confessions* audience in mind, so many of the great designers of Paris would have failed had they tried to produce clothes for a little salesgirl across the ocean taking the B.-M.T. every day to her job. The best Paris designs always needed a translator and an interpreter to make them really intelligible to a large audience. They were created for a few sophisticates, and it was up to workaday specialists here to discern in them some element which, "copied down" and often made obvious, would be right for, and bring romance to, Judy O'Grady at $10.95.

The other type of creator, the one I mentioned first, is equally gifted but works by detecting and analyzing the half-formulated dreams of Judy O'Grady and then helping them to materialize in ways that are more beautiful than ever seemed possible. It wasn't the highbrow critics who discovered Charlie Chaplin or Walt Disney, and it wasn't an ivory-tower genius who first realized that high-school girls would want sloppy sweaters in a given season. The shirtwaist dress and navy blue for spring also derived directly from the desires of the public and were lifted to their present eminence by the skill of sensitive designers who kept in close touch with the public.

IT is difficult to decide in which category Mainbocher belongs. An American designing in prewar Paris, he made beautiful clothes adapted, it is true, to European life, but Seventh Avenue buyers also loved them and the Duchess of Windsor bought them without, I am sure, suspecting for an instant that something about them made her a mite homesick. When he opened his salon in New York, it seemed to me that Mr. Bocher, who by now had shifted around to thinking like a Frenchman, was attempting to transplant the atmosphere of prewar Paris in its entirety—and you can't do that. In his latest collection, however, he has hit a magnificent stride, perfectly adapted to this country and to these times, by designing the kind of casual, informal clothes that American women love and that have rarely been so exquisitely done.

There is his glorification of the hip-bone-length cardigan sweater, for instance—the sort that buttons up to a round neck and is usually worn (as at Mainbocher) with the top unbuttoned. He allows nothing suggesting the campus to creep into his treatment, as witness a pale-blue knit sweater that has silver-and-blue bead swags in front of the shoulders. This is worn over a black crêpe dinner dress that has a shirtwaist top with tailored revers and the V of its décolletage pulled wide, in a way you haven't seen before, to show quite a bit of chest. Nor is there anything collegiate in a black wool print-lined cardigan sweater worn over a pink-and-black print dress with a casual convertible collar and a print sash that can be tied either in the front or the back of the sweater.

Shirtwaists are everywhere at Mainbocher, made of embroidered white organdie, or of pale sheer with bands of lace like your best lingerie, or of pink lace. (Pink lace also forms the blouse of one black covered-up dinner suit that is a masterpiece. History will remember Mainbocher if only for his dinner suits.) Then he likes to give a dress the effect, in front, of having a waist-length jacket by means of an oblong scarf which reaches just below the waistline and is usually adorned with a flower on one shoulder. A dress in his beloved navy-and-white polka-dot crêpe—you wouldn't believe the number of things he can

"These turned out to be too snuggy."

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Fourth Floor

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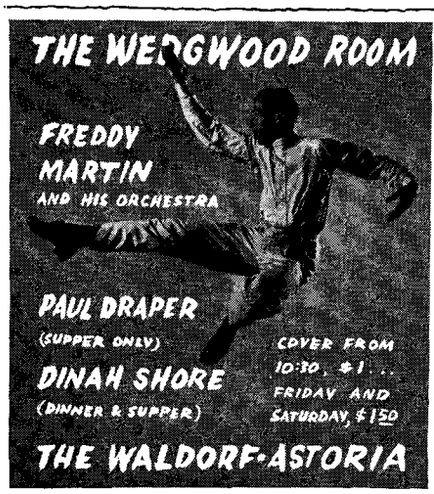

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WOLF BROTHERS
23 W. 45th St., New York City

do to make navy and white look new every season—has the same jacket-like scarf as well as a high, crossed surplice top.

Mainbocher does a lot with informal fabrics, using them in *grand-luxe* fashion. Tailored white cotton-and-rayon makes mannish jackets that are worn over slick black dinner dresses. One of his most ingénue dinner dresses is all godets of polka-dot tie silk on gray, yellow, and rust grounds. He even employs a men's shirting, one in the finest possible blue and white stripes, for a long, tailored day coat lined with navy shantung, which also makes the dress beneath. Such affairs are utterly lovable as well as beautiful. The curious thing about them is that they seem inspired by those simple sports clothes which we have always liked but taken for granted. However, despite their apparently humble origins, I don't think they could be "copied down" without looking ordinary. Elegance always comes high, I guess, even when it strikes you as offhand.

THERE is nothing informal or offhand about the elegance at Nicole de Paris, and it, too, isn't copiable. Those easy, svelte lines down the hips, those simple square or round necks, are the results of devilish intricacy of cut and of such matters as trick detail around the neck of a white crêpe summer dress; this looks like rickrack but actually consists of self loops of the material, cunningly worked by hand. Her fine workmanship is a delight to all connoisseurs.

Nicole's current collection contains some of the most beautiful prints in a town that is full of them. There is a heavenly sweet-pea one used in a dress with tiny fuchsia pipings; you'd love it even if you didn't notice that the frothy apron doesn't mar the slim, clean line down each side of the skirt. Another print, of maroon-and-white butterflies on a white ground (there are many prints on white grounds for town wear), has a square neck, trimmed with a maroon velvet bow to match an accompanying pair of velvet gloves, and a maroon straw cartwheel hat that has cut-out butterflies fluttering up the front of its crown and stands out even in an assortment of superb large hats. Another print, of black-and-gray wheat leaves splashed on a white ground, is made up into a day dress that has a neckline pulled to one side, where it is held by a chou. For evening, the prints include a white chiffon with wild roses and dull-green leaves that suggest your favorite

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ancestral china. An all-white chiffon dress, which has narrow net as its only trimming, ties at each shoulder. Its bodice reminds you of the fashions of 1917, as many of Nicole's filmy dresses do, in that the slip is cut straight across the front and back. Maybe 1918 is just around the corner. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

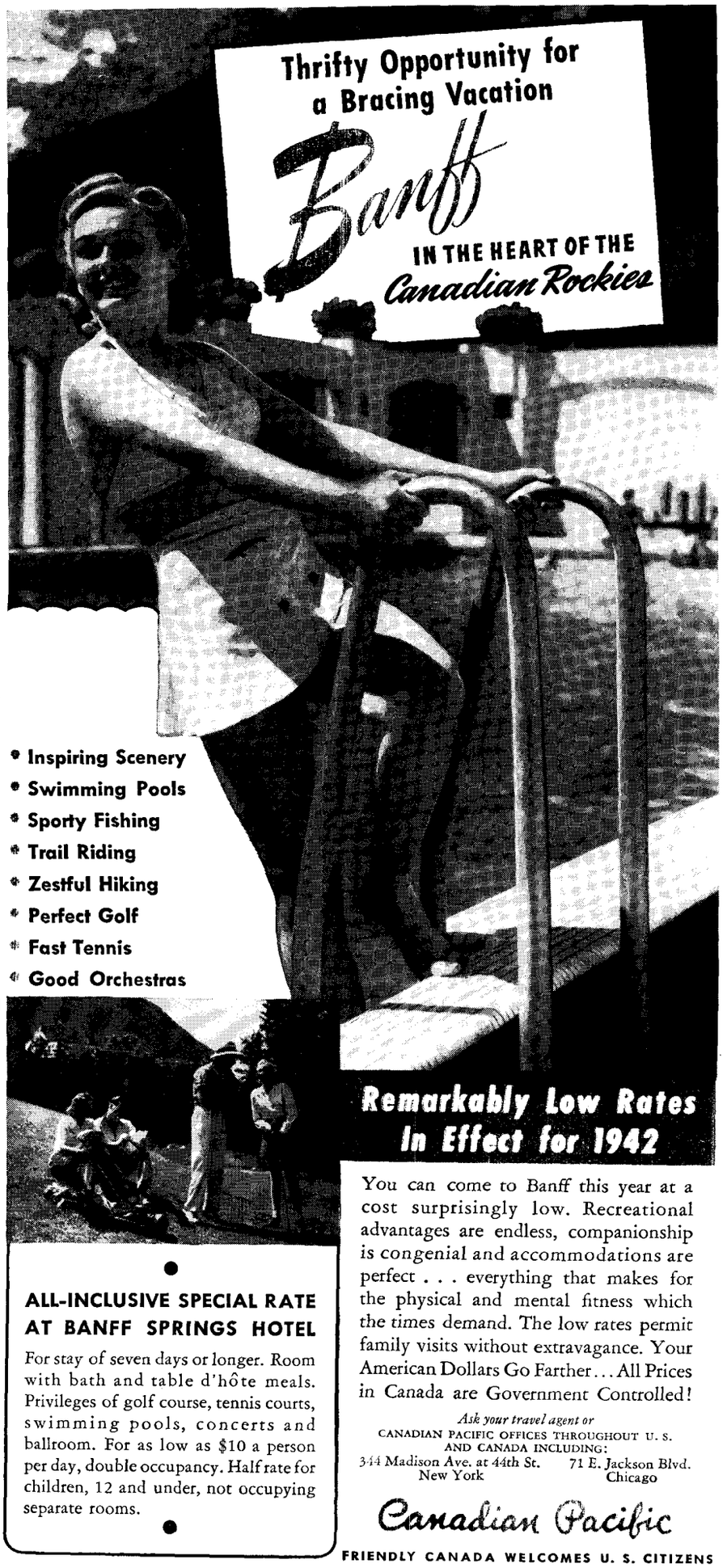
Fix-Its—Buffets

A WIDESPREAD wave of housewifely thrift, which must be a source of amazement and pleasure to the grandmothers of our present generation of hostesses, is also making this a prosperous spring for the maintenance people—repairmen, dry-cleaners, and all prolongers of life in household effects. Even the department stores are gamely mounting the band wagon; Altman, for instance, has a new Save-It service, which will take on the reclaiming of anything, from aging kitchen equipment up, and keeps consultants always on hand. Long-established services of the same nature, which have been mentioned here before, are, of course, running at full tilt. The famous Order Desk at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), still has its corps of craftswomen who are wizards at reweaving fine linens and mending heirloom lace and aren't above bread-and-butter jobs, like rebinding blankets and recovering lampshades, either. Right now, as quantities of household linens are being brought out for use after years in cedar chests pending just some such emergency as the present one, the Exchange workers are busier than ever.

Household craftsmen associated with the Scott Service, 150 East 79th Street, are on hand, too, for odd jobs of repairing, upholstery and slipcovering, carpentry, rug shampooing, or general spring cleaning. Knotty problems only serve to put these boys on their mettle.

You can still have your vulnerable possessions treated by L. Blau & Sons, 754 Madison Avenue (65th), to protect them against moths, despite reports that priorities would affect the supply of chemicals used in this process. Dry-cleaning accompanies this treatment and the mothproofing is guaranteed to remain effective until your things are cleaned again. The process just about doubles your dry-cleaning bill but, like every other form of insurance, it has only to be needed once in a lifetime to prove its worth.

Treating leather-bound books with a good lubricant and preservative to off-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334 PARK AVENUE

Milk Magic at Primrose House SALON

The girls are all agog over the new "Wavecrepe" at Park Avenue's smartest beauty salon. *Now* milk comes to the aid of your permanent wave — a scientific new use of milk casein to protect and tame those temperamental ends — gossamer "Wavecrepe" with luster-lending benefits, even to hair that's dull and colorless, grey or white. [Primrose House prices are at least one-third less than you'd expect to pay for every beauty need.] VOlunteer 5-7462. Park Avenue at 53rd Street.

Creators of the famous Chiffon Powder and other Primrose House preparations.

set the drying effects of steam heat is a household chore that ought to be attended to now, especially if the books are to be stored for the summer. To my mind, there's no better cream for this than one concocted by Edward Woodward, a book expert who knows everything about the care of fine bindings. The cream is available by mail from Miss Grace Searles, 18 East 50th Street, at $1 for a four-ounce jar.

Don't forget Reviva, that amazing restorative for stained table tops. It's $1.50 a pint at Mrs. Mark Jackson's studio, 25 West 51st Street, and also at houseware stores like Lewis & Conger and Hammacher Schlemmer. Reviva has even been known to remove blobs of spilled nail enamel from cherished surfaces, leaving the finish intact and unscarred.

MEANWHILE, our gift shops are coming out with their customary spring crop of little items, but their offerings show some effects of the times. Metals, for instance, have all but disappeared, being replaced by glass, pottery, wood, and even tile in, for example, trays and small boxes and serving aids of all kinds. Also, there are no new editions of those thermos ice tubs, without at least two of which no bridal couple of recent years has been permitted to set up housekeeping. Plastics are still around in some quantity, but storm warnings are out regarding them, and this is true also of bamboo, reed, and rattan.

Alice H. Marks, 6 East 52nd Street, has new lawn and terrace service pieces in which reed and rattan are combined with wood and stoneware, and they couldn't be more attractive. A big tray made of dark-stained, woven split hickory is framed in blond wood and has chunky rattan handles; $7. A rattan-handled oak slab, mounted on feet, has depressions into which are sunk three stoneware pots for serving assorted hot dishes at buffet suppers; $14. Among new wooden wares, there's a salad service designed by Mary Wright, all in frosted oak, which is natural oak with lots of white pigment rubbed into the grain under a beautiful, hard-polished finish; the set consists of a spectacular square bowl, six square, flat plates with upcurled edges, and Lucite-handled serving tools; $11.75. The Marks collection always has a showpiece; this time it's a chuck wagon. That's dude-ranch talk for a big, two-tiered barbecue-party table on wheels, all in pickled oak, with hand-painted tiles set into its top and nested lift-out trays holding an array of sauce bottles and wood-

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lidded condiment jars. Long-handled grilling tools hang from hooks at the rear end; $70.

One of the first of the season's new barbecue tables with a built-in charcoal grilling unit is at Carole Stupell, 507 Madison Avenue (53rd). It's made of wrought iron, which today puts it in the museum-piece class, and it is $55. The price includes iron cooking tools and a separate carving board that fits into the table surface right alongside the grill. Square blue-plate dishes made of heavy chunks of oak, at $42 a dozen, are handsome and practical things on which to serve the food you cook over the table's grill. Another help for outdoor dining is a portable soft-drink service rack, with green canvas pockets, holding eight bottles, hung from a framework of natural rattan which also supports one of those barrel-shaped rubber ice tubs; $14.50 for the stand, $5 extra for the tub. The Stupell version of the barbecue serving cart that doesn't carry its own grill is an especially good one—neat, compact, all of pickled oak, fitted with the customary lift-out trays of condiment jars and sauce bottles, and hung with a rattan-handled cooking fork and a hamburger flipper. The cart, without fittings, is $30.50, and you may make your own selection of equipment to go with it.

A good place to look for useful decorations made of plastics is the shop called Designed for Living, 131 East 57th Street. Double candlesticks made of sheets of Lucite bent into scrolls with curled ends to hold the candles are $25 a pair, and there are many other attractive examples of uses to which this plastic can be put, including picture frames—a misnomer, because actually they aren't frames at all. One of them, for instance, is made of two sheets of Lucite between which two photographs may be slipped, back to back; $9. Oh, yes, and there's a paperweight made of a solid triangular block of transparent plastic with a depression in one side to hold a snapshot; over this hole you clap a plastic lid which magnifies the picture; $7.50. —B. B.

•

WHICH CRITIC D'YA READ?

"Song of the Islands" . . . is a South Seas musical, with Victor Mature and Betty Grable wearing the customary costumes and broad smiles.—*Bosley Crowther in the Times.*

This Mr. Mature is not one for humor. It seems to me that he is unnecessarily grave, that he might at least smile once or twice.—*John Mosher's review of "Song of the Islands" in The New Yorker.*

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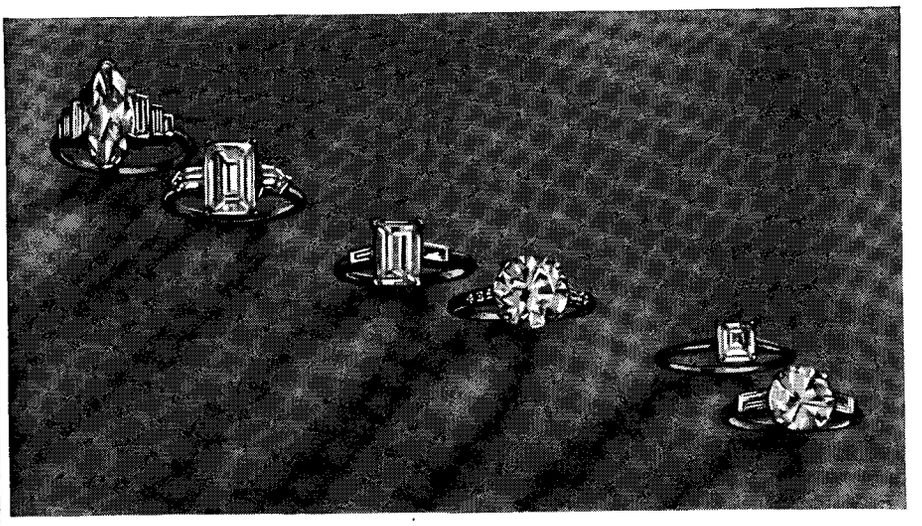

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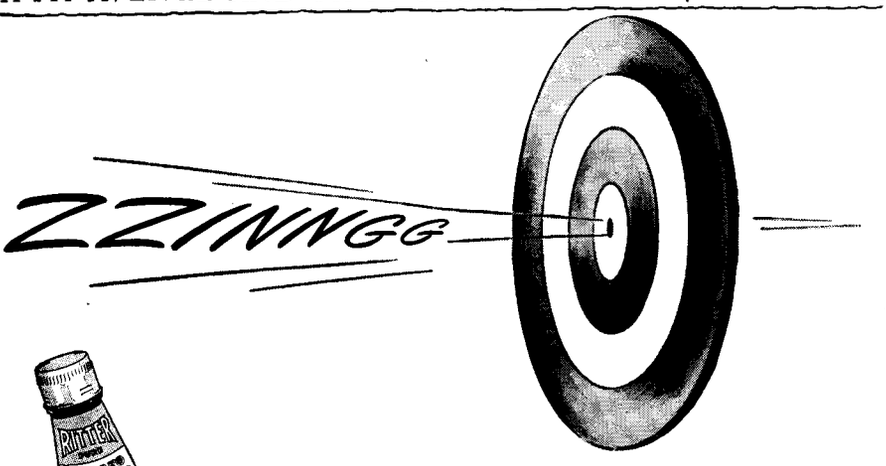

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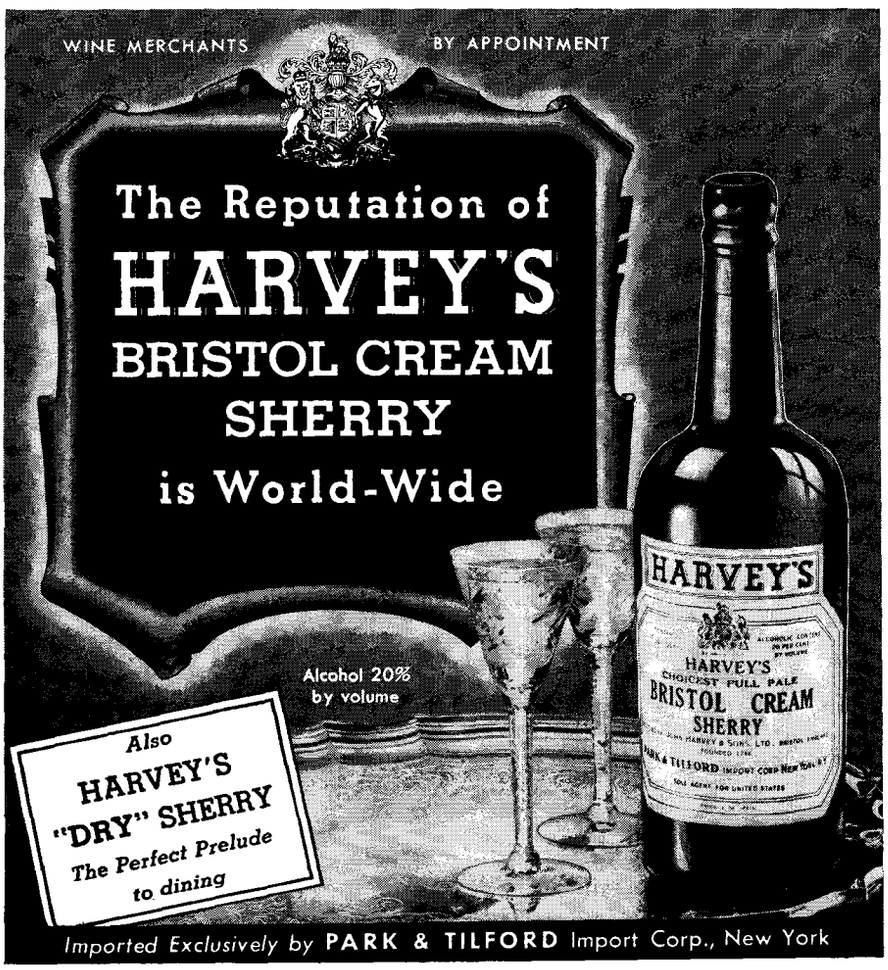

OF ALL THINGS

THE Tokio radio propaganda tries to make out that American soldiers on Bataan were a bunch of cowards led by stupid officers. The Japs will regret to hear that the rest of our Army is of the same low quality.

•

Sir Stafford Cripps' failure in India is a grievous blow to the United Nations. Everybody was hoping against hope that there would be a New Deal in New Delhi.

•

All signs point to a Nazi offensive in the Near East, but military experts have no idea where the blow will fall. We shall just have to wait until the Inner Voice hands down an inspiration.

•

The Nazis are sending out large numbers of tanks to look for soft places in the Russian front. All the soft places they have found so far are in the ground.

•

Some statesmen hold that even if war profits are excessive, income taxes will gobble them up. Nelson giveth and Morgenthau taketh away.

•

Thus far John L. Lewis has had little luck in organizing the dairymen as a branch of the United Mine Workers. Somehow the farmers seem to feel that milk and coal are not good mixers.

•

Prosecutor Amen's 246-page report on Brooklyn police graft in the gambling racket follows the modern literary trend. It is handsomely illustrated with candid-camera shots.

•

According to present indications, the reduction in motor driving will result in a marked decrease in fatalities. On the other hand, tourist-accommodators of all kinds will probably die like flies.

•

It would not be patriotic to tell the world what New York weather is like. All we can say is that the backbone of the winter has had to be broken again.

•

The Leftists have decided not to have a May Day parade this year. The workers are advised to show their solidarity with their hands instead of their feet.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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THE RACE TRACK

Snowbound

YOU might not think that anyone would have gone to Jamaica in that one-day blizzard last week to freeze trying to watch races he couldn't see for the snow. You might not think it, but if so, you don't know horseplayers or what they're made of. More than thirteen thousand came out for the opening of the New York season and nobody remembered another such thoroughly uncomfortable afternoon, what with the place looking like an old Christmas card, at least a foot of slush on the track, and a needle-point wind blowing into the front of the grandstand. Only the horses enjoyed themselves. Racers, as you may not know, are quite mad about romping in the snow. Also, for reasons that escape all trainers, the beasts seem to have more fun rolling in puddles of cold water than they do in the piles of nice, white sand that are provided in the stables for them to play in.

Jockeys, of course, loathe riding in such weather. Still, except for the post parades, which must be a chilly business, they keep more comfortable than the spectators because they get a hot shower, a rubdown, and a change of clothing after every race. All the boys wear something warm under their silk jackets. Robertson, for example, has a woolly shirt with a layer of oiled silk outside; Longden, who used to ride a lot at Polo Park in Winnipeg, puts on knitted wristlets and two sweaters. Meade gets along with only one. "You don't feel cold when you're riding winners," he says.

POTRANCO, one of those durable selling-platers who ran at New Orleans and Hot Springs last winter, brought off an 11–1 chance in the Paumonok Handicap on opening day. The murk was so heavy that the runners were barely distinguishable until they turned for home, so I can't tell you much more than that about the event—nor can anyone else. There were the usual alibis; no race would be complete without at least seven. I thought that Sheriff Culkin had no particularly bad luck and that Speed to Spare was in a little over his head.

THE second week in April is no time for predicting who is going to be the best three-year-old, but it is no risk to say that the loudest cheering I've heard this season was over William Woodward's Apache in the Experimental Free Handicap last Saturday. The temptation is to shout, as lots of people are shouting, that he's another Omaha or Johnstown, or even a Gallant Fox. Instead, I'll simply agree with Fitzsimmons, his trainer, who remarked, "He may be a good colt."

Apache, in case you didn't see him, has grown into a big, well-muscled fellow. What's more to the point, he can run. He was bumped badly shortly after the start of the Experimental, but he settled down quickly and picked up the leaders almost as he pleased. My guess is that he won't have nearly so much trouble winning the Wood Stakes on April 25th. Another horse I fancied in the Experimental was Mrs. Esther du Pont Weir's Hyacinthus, in my book a handsomer animal than Apache. I daresay he'd have made a better showing if he hadn't bolted and run away in his last workout.

EVER since Devil Diver beat Whirlaway at Keeneland last week, there has been a lot of talk and one thing and another about his chances for the Kentucky Derby. I don't wish to sell Mrs. Payne Whitney's colt short, for he was training well in Florida, but it might be worth recalling that Whirlaway, who is as fussy about tracks as about everything else, never ran well at Keeneland. Besides, an observer reports by carrier pigeon that Sun Again, Warren Wright's most favored three-year-old, would have been much closer (at that, he was third) if Eads, who rode him, hadn't lost a stirrup iron. We'll know more about that after the Blue Grass Stakes. Incidentally, to skip to Maryland, Alsab runs for the Chesapeake Stakes at Havre de Grace this weekend. I'm told he looks twenty pounds better than he did in Miami.

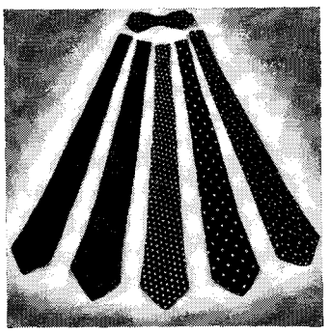
NOTE ON A COINCIDENCE: All the red arrows directing you to the air-raid shelters in the clubhouse at Jamaica also lead you right to the two-dollar tote-ticket sellers' windows.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

One teaspoon of onion juice added to mashed potatoes gives them a different flavor.—*Bennington (Vt.) Banner.*

We can see how it might.



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Plump white polka dots on green, blue or brown backgrounds, and lively red dots on a navy blue ground are among combinations featured. Tripler ties are noted for distinctive character, and unusual color combinations

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Plus
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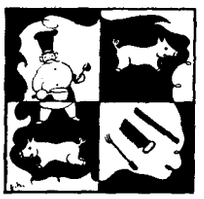
RESTAURANTS

Still New Enough



I'VE been promising myself for several weeks to do something about these new restaurants that have been opening up hereabouts. Actually, I did do something about a few of them a while back—went to them, that's what—but those I happened on were in such a state of youthful excitement and the crowds in them were so eager to share in the general hullabaloo that I came away as ruffled and inarticulate as Donald Duck. Since then, however, things have steadied themselves somewhat and return visits have proved rewarding. On Sundays most of these places keep special hours or don't open at all, so if that's when you're going, better call ahead and see.

Le Pavillon, at 5 East Fifty-fifth Street, still does an outrageously thriving business, although you can now edge yourself in with a minimum of backing and filling. I doubt if I could say just why the place has such a hold on me; maybe it was the table for eight I saw set up for dinner—generous platters of excellent hors-d'œuvres at the corners, wines in their baskets with the corks half drawn, all the sort of thing that makes you want to start entertaining on a big scale right away. Whatever you order from the newspaper-size menu is apt to be just the way you like it, whether it's bisque of lobster, grilled striped bass, squab with olives, veal with creamed mushrooms, or a roasted something-or-other. Desserts include Mocha and pistachio ice cream, macédoine of fresh fruits, and any sort of soufflé you care to ask the willing chef to blow up.

The Brussels, at 26 East Sixty-third Street, also was pretty hectic at the start, with the entire staff adding its bit to the confusion, but here, too, the atmosphere seems calmer now. You can, of course, get grilled and roasted things, but the chef likes to play around with sauces, and he does them so well that it's a pity not to let him go ahead. The *fondue bruxelloise* is a case in point; you may intend to be firm about those velvety cheese croquettes, but the chances are you'll weaken. Sole *bonne femme* is the same sort of problem. Now that warm weather is near, I'm counting on the management to revive the cold buffet it had last summer, with things like trout in jelly, cold roast beef, lobster mayonnaise,

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and smoked turkey with a mixed salad.

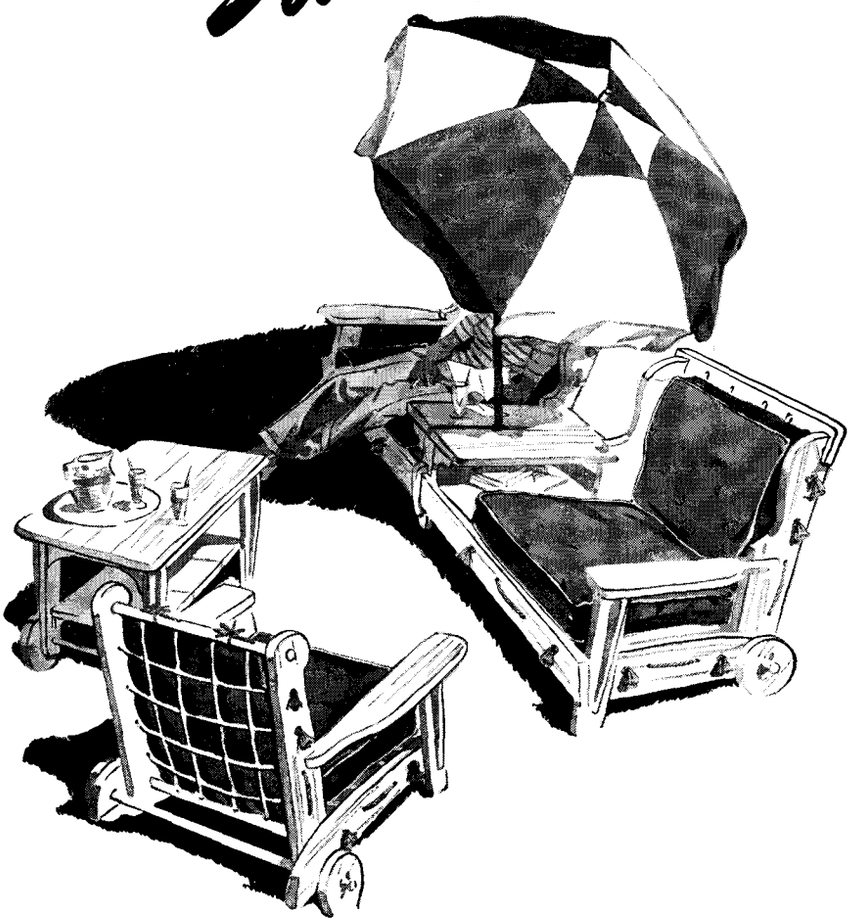
By keeping everybody's mind on it, you can get a prix-fixe meal at 1-2-3, which is at 123 East Fifty-fourth Street, and be off in time for the theatre, but what you don't get thus is Roger Stearns, who sneaks away from the grand piano at the dinner hour. So I should think most people would rather take their time, order à la carte, and be sitting securely at a good table when Mr. Stearns returns and the crowd streams back from Broadway. By that time the restaurant has been transformed into a sort of club (they take off the tablecloths) and you find yourself minded for backgammon, gin rummy, or even a rubber of bridge. It's not a bad idea to start with Westphalian ham, proceed to terrapin, and follow it by a green salad, but you can be just as grand in a different way with partridge, quail, or a simple sirloin. Cream cheese with Barle-Duc can make a nice ending, or some of those thin pancakes they fix up, or—all right—just coffee.

Except at lunch, when everybody wants to eat at the same time, and on Thursday and Sunday nights, when everybody's cook is out, the Penguin, at 244 East Fifty-first Street, isn't apt to be too crowded, but maybe you'd better make a reservation anyway if you want to play safe. The building once belonged to an architect with notions of his own, and now all can benefit from his tiled fireplace in the bar, his tiled fountain in the double-height studio room, his stagy staircase to the balcony tables, and everything else there is. The boss types up a menu or two, but just to help the waiters, who give you the story orally. People go for the curried turkey hash swaddled in a pancake, for the roast sirloin of beef with Yorkshire pudding, and for the vitamin-fed baby chickens, whose elegant feet have never been allowed to touch the ground. Cast your eye over the desserts as you enter; they're on a table near the bar. Closed Mondays.

To me, the premises at Chateaubriand, 148 East Fifty-sixth Street, seem less sympathetic than they might be, in spite of a handsome frieze of wine bottles, but that's probably because I'm not especially partial to blue. Otherwise, I've no complaints now that the agreeable proprietors have got their considerable staff working smoothly. The food is dominantly *régionale*, like the food at this newcomer's prototype, Chambord, meaning that the chef is preoccupied with specialties such as rillettes, omelet *basquaise*, lobster *à l'armoricaine*, *poulet maître d'auberge*, *civet*, *tripes*, and *baba*

A&F Co.

This Summer It's Different



Make this summer of staying home a comfortable one...not an emergency to be endured. We've a new collection of outdoor living furniture that shows you how...with a lot of surprises. One is this Siesta set...of cypress in a pale, silvery driftwood-finish, with wooden wheels for easy rolling.

Two-some Settee	$75.00
Broad-armed chair	$27.50
Tea Cart	$12.75
Six-footer umbrella that tilts	$11.75

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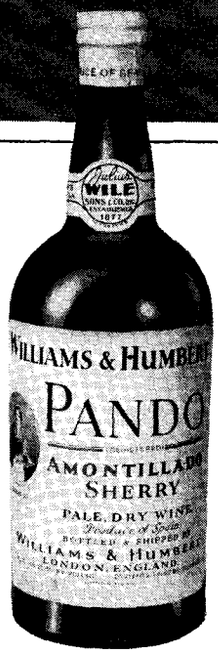

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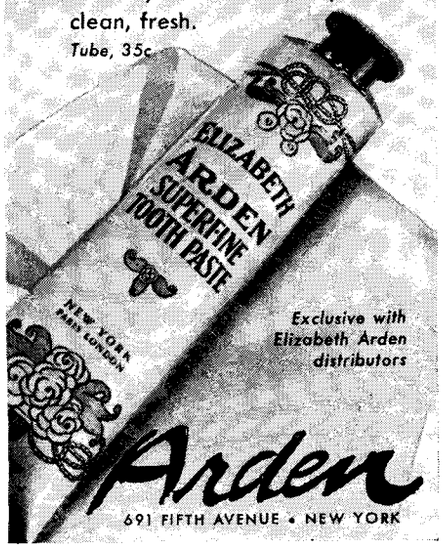

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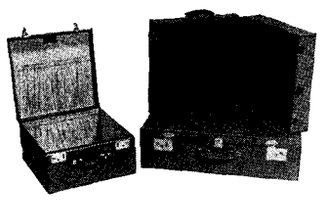

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CAVIAR RESTAURANT

18 EAST 49th ST. New York

au rhum. Which is not to say that steak, lamb, and other affinities of charcoal broiling are missing.

IF you like a restaurant that's a straight restaurant and not a big brother to a bar, you might look in at the Epicure, 52 East Fifty-second Street. There's wine, of course, but nothing stronger, and the tables start right at the door, with no distracting gantlet of bar stools to run on your way to eat. To begin with, the establishment has its own variety of hot hors-d'œuvres, as well as a full-size square of toast thickly spread with red caviar and a very fine *pâté* of hare. There's good soup if you want it and such things as curry of veal, a chafing dish of lobster and shrimps thermidor, or squab chicken *en casserole*. For dessert, they suggest *coupe aux marrons*, red cherry pie à la mode, caramel custard, or cheese. All of it goes well with the wine list, which has some French wines, including champagne, and some American, ditto.

Encore, at 9 East Forty-eighth Street, presents a vista of Victorian sofas, painted white and upholstered in red, converging on a marble fireplace. The sofas themselves are so darned inviting that it's hard not to be glum when you find yourself allotted just a plain, straight chair, but telephoning ahead should take care of that. The food is à la carte, but not in the staggering brackets, the wine lollops around in decanters, and there are daily specials, among them being leg of lamb with caper sauce and Hungarian goulash with *Spatzls* (go Saturday to find what they are). I like the lentil soup with sausage, the *Mexicaine* of beef with braised *escarole*, and anything that comes from the charcoal fire. All in all, it's a fine combination of solid food and dreamy surroundings. —SOUBISE

•

BITIFUL BICTURE

"I hate all Boets and Bainters," said George I, and he was said to get really angry at the sight of a book.—*From "Kings and Desperate Men," by Louis Kronenberger.*

Boor brince, I cannot bity you,
Who found a boet so unbleasing,
Who baled when books came into view.
Your ballid soul needs no abbeasing.

And yet, I bonder on your fate.
How did you fill the sleebless hours?
Count brancing sheeb and scratch your bate?
Was boredom banished by your bowers?

—WILLIAM ABRAHAMS

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Resident Musicos, Mostly

THE requirement for admission to the New York Youth Orchestra concert in Carnegie Hall last week was the purchase of War Savings Stamps, and the purchasers received the musical bargain of the year. War Bonds and Stamps are sound investments, so admission really was free, and the concert was as stimulating an event as the orchestral season has produced.

The New York Youth Orchestra turned out to be an excellent young ensemble that played with an uncommonly live tone. Its conductor, Max Goberman, was something of a revelation, even to those of us who had had previous opportunities to observe his work. On phonograph records and with the Ballet Theatre last year, Mr. Goberman had already indicated his gifts; this time he demonstrated fully his mastery, subtlety, and continuity. I don't suppose that "continuity" is one of the standard words to apply to a conductor, but let's take it as the ability to maintain a logical and interesting flow of music throughout a composition. It's nothing common, either. Much of the conducting you meet is of the stop-go variety.

Some nervous slipups in accuracy and intonation were evident in the playing here and there, but they weren't fatal, and the performance was not only professional but sensitive. Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony, about which Mr. Goberman seems to have some refreshing notions, had a remarkable showing, and the collaboration with Joseph Szigeti in a striking presentation of the Brahms violin concerto was exceptional. It was an artistic success for all concerned, and the U. S. Treasury had a box-office triumph, with receipts of $5,775.

A NEW YORKER, William Howard Schuman, has the unusual distinction (for a native composer, at least) of having had two of his symphonies played by two famous orchestras here within a single season. The Boston group presented his third symphony some months ago, and last week the Philadelphia introduced his fourth to the composer's home town. The fourth confirmed the impression created by the third: that Mr. Schuman is one of our ablest young musicians and knows exactly how to say his musical say. That say, I thought, was still somewhat consciously restrained. There is nothing determinedly stark about Mr. Schuman's fourth symphony, and there are passages that sing and others that shout delightfully. Elsewhere, there's material that doesn't quite make contact with all listeners, possibly because there's an effort not to be tuney. However that may be, Mr. Schuman is important business, and you'll hear much more of him. The Philadelphians and their director, Eugene Ormandy, awarded to Mr. Schuman one of their best performances of the semester.

THE Philharmonic-Symphony, under John Barbirolli's enthusiastic guidance, offered the world première of the fourth symphony of Alexander Gretchaninoff, a Russian composer who is now a New York resident. This symphony was written in memory of Tchaikovsky, and although it doesn't try to echo Tchaikovsky, it sounds like the Tchaikovsky era, with effective melodies and conservative harmony and orchestration. It was good listening, and the audience set up a cordial welcome for the genial composer, who doesn't look anywhere near his seventy-seven years. Mr. Barbirolli also contributed a novelty to the concert—his own graceful transcriptions of excerpts from the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book. The Philharmonic-Symphony strings played their conductor's arrangements fetchingly, but the horns in the closing item tossed in a few of those blats that somehow happen even to the most experienced horn proprietors.

THE Metropolitan Opera House is now sheltering a ballet season, which began with a week of the American Ballet. The new creations shown were "Russian Soldier," devised by Michel Fokine to Serge Prokofieff's "Lieutenant Kije" music, and Anthony Tudor's "Pillar of Fire," set to Arnold Schönberg's "Verklärte Nacht." Mr. Fokine's ballet, with its representation of Russian peasant life, somehow worked out pretty well against a score that was originally intended for a satirical movie. Mr. Tudor's offering caught precisely the roving romanticism of the Schönberg composition. The dancing and miming were first-rate, not only in the novelties but throughout the rest of the American Ballet's current repertoire.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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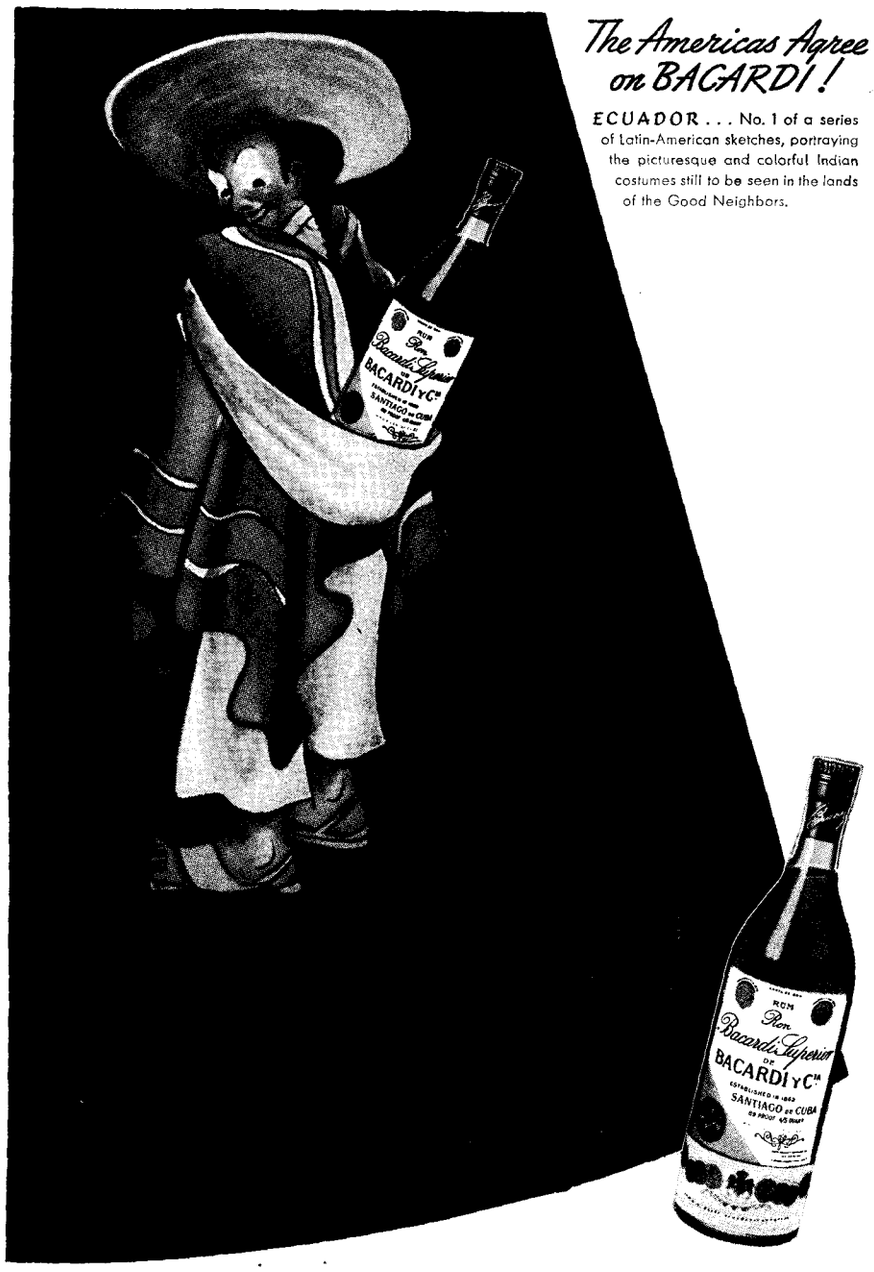

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MAN WITH A PASS

THE training camp I am in is one of the few in the country located on a main highway—in this case, Route 1—and its façade, so to speak, must be kept neat. As a result, I frequently find myself detailed along the highway, sometimes with a brush hook, sometimes with a rake. One morning I was out with a machete, for a change, cutting down second-growth shrubs about ten feet off the road. I was taking a ten-minute break, sitting down and smoking a cigarette, when a soldier came out of one of the military roads leading from the camp. He was a little fellow, rather pinched, with sandy hair that leaked out from under his service cap, and his uniform didn't fit him at all. He evidently hadn't been in camp very long, as he had no piping on his cap. They give that to you after about a month.

He came up to me and asked for a cigarette. I gave him one, and he lit it and stood there rubbing his hands and looking anxiously down the highway. "I got to get to New York," he said. "My wife's sick. I got a telegram."

I said it was too bad. "Look, here's the telegram," he said, pulling it from his pocket. "Just came this morning. Western Union." He passed it over for me to read. "YOUR WIFE SICK," it said. "COME HOME." It was signed "A. EMMONS."

"Have you got a pass?" I asked him.

"I got an emergency pass," he said. "That Arthur Emmons is a friend of the family."

I gave the telegram back to him, and he folded it carefully and put it in his pocket. "The bus comes by here, doesn't it?" he asked.

"One just went by," I said. "Won't be another for half an hour."

He made a face. "I got to get to town. I got to catch a train and I can't afford to lose any time. I guess I better bum in."

"Better not let the M.P.'s see you," I said.

"Won't they let you bum a ride?"

"If they catch you, they'll cut your ears off," I said.

He stood for a moment, looking nervously up and down the road. "I got to take a chance," he said finally. "I got to get home." He stepped out to the edge of the highway and waited.

A TRUCK moved slowly out of one of the military roads and swung down the highway. You'd think the fool would have seen the color of the

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thing. It was an Army truck, one of those nasty little half-ton M.P. pickups that they use for carting drunks to the guardhouse. This fellow paid absolutely no attention to what kind of car it was. He just stood up there, making measured gestures with his right thumb.

The truck stopped in front of him. There were two M.P.'s in it and one of them leaned out the window. "All right, soldier," he said. "Hop aboard."

The soldier looked puzzled. "You going to town?" he asked.

"Nope," the M.P. said, "and neither are you."

"I got to get to town," the soldier said.

"You're going to get to the guardhouse," the M.P. said. "Geez, after all the warnings they've given you guys, you still try to bum rides. Come on, hop in back."

"Listen," the soldier said, "I got to get to town. I got to catch a train for New York. My wife's sick. I got a telegram. Here." He pulled it out of his pocket and gave it to the M.P. His hand trembled.

The M.P. read it. "It's tough luck, bud," he said, "but we got our orders. We have to bring in any guys we catch thumbing rides, and that's that. Hop in back."

"Oh, for God's sake," I said, "let him get into town."

The M.P. looked at me. "Keep your nose clean, soldier," he said, and opened the door of the car and got out. He took the little soldier by the arm. "Come on," he said, "get in back."

The little soldier looked over his shoulder at me, helpless and lost in his uniform. "They gave me a pass," he said.

The M.P. started shoving him toward the back of the truck. "I don't care if they gave you the First Army. You're coming along." He grabbed the soldier and threw him up on the truck. "Now, stay put," he said.

The soldier started to cry. "I got a pass," he kept saying. "God damn it, they gave me a pass!"

The M.P. walked back and climbed into the seat. "O.K., Joe," he said to the driver. "Another day, another dollar." The gears of the truck rasped and it moved away. —HARRY BROWN

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From "Lonely Parade," by Fannie Hurst]

"That holds for me too," said the doctor, lifting his wife by the armpits and extending a hand that was shaking.

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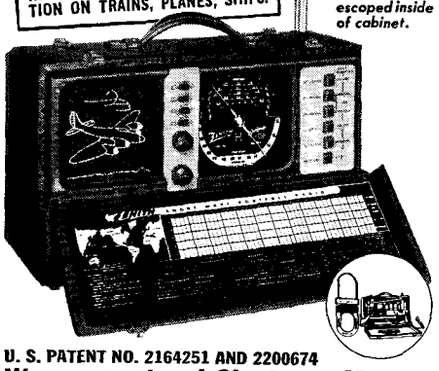

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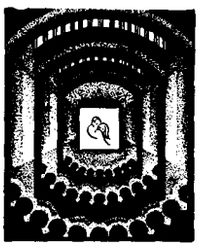
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mr. Chaplin Again



WHAT is sure to be of most interest in the films this week to serious scholars and people with background is Charlie Chaplin's "The Gold Rush" as he has arranged it with sound, with a spoken narrative, and with music of his own composition. First produced in 1925, when Americans travelling in Europe for cultural purposes would take a night off from La Scala or the Comédie-Française just to enjoy themselves and be beautifully, gratefully homesick at the vision of Chaplin antics, "The Gold Rush" is no longer, I think, a matter of big laughs, a thing to stir us to tremendous guffaws. Perhaps because the musical accompaniment has a certain gentle lilt to it, and perhaps because of Mr. Chaplin's quiet style of referring to the leading character as "the little fellow" whenever he mentions him in the story, and perhaps, too, because we have in these intervening years been so shouted at by comedians, so bedazzled by mechanical nonsense at top speed, "The Gold Rush" now seems calm, a leisurely matter, and the more attractive for being so.

I don't remember that we used to think of the Chaplin films as being charming, yet charm is certainly an outstanding quality of the detail today. Nothing could be more charming than the dance of the rolls, for instance, and I would even say there was charm in the scene of the old shoe cooked upon the stove, though the notion may appear a bit incongruous. Of course, stalwart humor has its place too, and the final scene of the house tipped on the edge of the cliff, swaying back and forth, has an absurdity which has not been ignored by later movie-makers and may be found in a current Abbott and Costello farce. Altogether, Mr. Chaplin has done beautiful work in his arrangement, a version, incidentally, only about half the length of the original. Something of this shortening is due to the fact that the subtitles have been removed, but, I believe, there has been some editing also, editing which he himself has wisely and, for an author, most modestly managed. Anyhow, the old classic should appear now quite suitably mod-

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ern, even to juveniles who hate to think anything ever happened before last year that was worth attention.

THE plot of "Dangerously They Live" might have been devised by some prodigy ten years old, but I had a rather good time at it. The Warner Brothers have made use here of all the suspicions and alarms about spies, Nazi agents, Mata Haris, and so on that thrive today in our great cities, and have pieced together out of such material a nice, substantial melodrama of the old school. Nancy Coleman is revealed as the key British agent this time, the pretty lady who knows at just what longitude and latitude a big convoy will be at just such a minute. The Germans get hold of her after a taxi accident, take her to a hospital, and thence to their big country estate. The enemy had not counted on the fact that a certain interne, played by John Garfield, would become interested and be the one eventually to upset their schemings. In the hospital, on the estate, in various other hideouts, there are some moments of adroitly directed excitement, and it is all quite wonderful how the beautiful British agent and the loyal interne outwit the scoundrels at last and not only does the convoy sail safe but the enemy submarines in pursuit of it are themselves destroyed. Moviegoers, by the way, may be surprised to find Raymond Massey as a villain. The famous Lincoln makes a rather good villain, in fact.

IT is Andy who is courted, I should say, in "The Courtship of Andy Hardy," though nothing unduly intense occurs. Judge Hardy indulges in considerable preachment on the subject of divorce and its effect on children, but doesn't, I suspect, solve the problem for all. . . . The Russians have dispatched to us "Guerrilla Brigade," a somewhat scrappy, moth-eaten film of warfare between the Germans and the peasants of the Ukraine. Though of the last war, with farcical, stilted German Junkers and references to the Kaiser, it has its application to today's events, and there are scenes of force and action which are at any time pictorially effective.

—JOHN MOSHER

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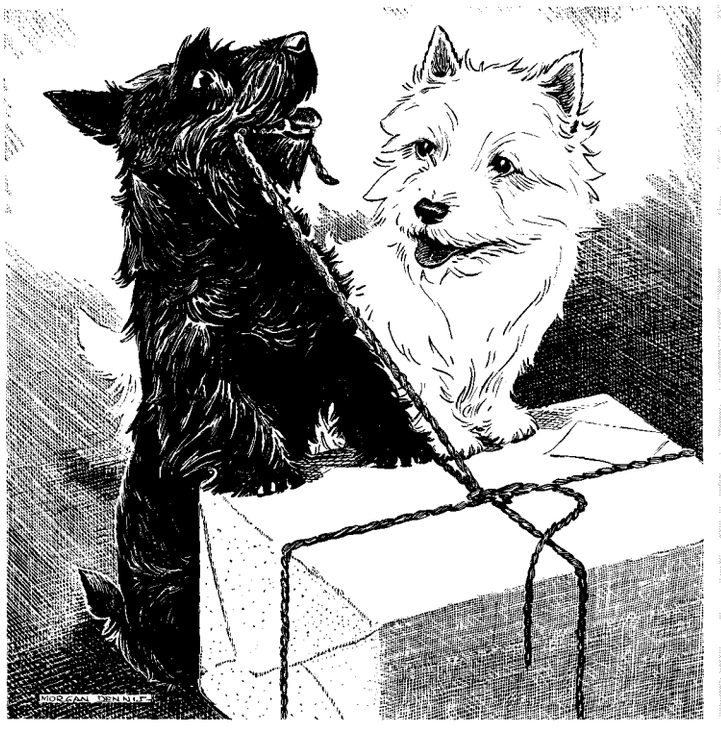
Through a typographical error the poem by Bianca Bradbury printed on this page yesterday was wrongly entitled. The title should have been "Tidiness."—*The Herald Tribune.*

That cleans *that* up.

Just for satisfaction



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BOOKS

An Over-All View, and Some Others

BOOKS on the war fall roughly into two divisions: those that try to answer the question "What's happening?" and those that try to answer the question "What's it all about?" Books in the first category have been numerous and often excellent, those in the second rarer and often confused and marred by special pleading. Of these what's-it-all-about books I recommend, as one of the most lucid that have come my way, "The Making of Tomorrow," by the brilliant political journalist Raoul de Roussy de Sales.

Most of us are already convinced that there is nothing about the war that is, to use the author's phrase, "local or episodic." But many, admitting its global nature, go on to assume that it is too ramified to be analyzed except in the most general terms. It is the function of this book to combat this view, to chart those forces that are acting on all the peoples of the world, whether they fight for freedom or for slavery. In the first half of his book, Mr. de Sales discusses these forces under three heads: the myth of nationalism, the trend toward collectivism, and—incongruous as it may appear—the growth of pacifism. Out of the combination or opposition of these forces, he believes, tomorrow is being born in torment. His examination of them is searching, free from the usual generalities, and helps to explain why the democracies allowed themselves to lose the peace after Versailles.

The latter half of "The Making of Tomorrow" is in part devoted to what Mr. de Sales calls "the folklore of democracy," the "act of faith" upon which the American system rests. The argument is perceptive and original, without, however, meriting the jacket comparisons with Bryce and de Tocqueville. Much more vigorous is Mr. de Sales's dissection of Germanism. His argument is simply that the present Nazi onslaught is not in the least the evil handiwork of a group of gangsters but rather the final and perfect expression of the most profound instincts of the German people. "Hitler is the incarnation of forces greater than himself. The heresy he preaches is two thousand years old." What is the heresy? It is nothing more or less than a rebellion against Western civilization. Mr. de Sales traces five such German rebellions, beginning with Arminius. At first you are inclined to be skeptical of the author's grand indictment—his anti-Germanism may conceivably stem from his French ancestry—but as you follow his argument it becomes more and more cogent and the true proportions of this war emerge with great clarity.

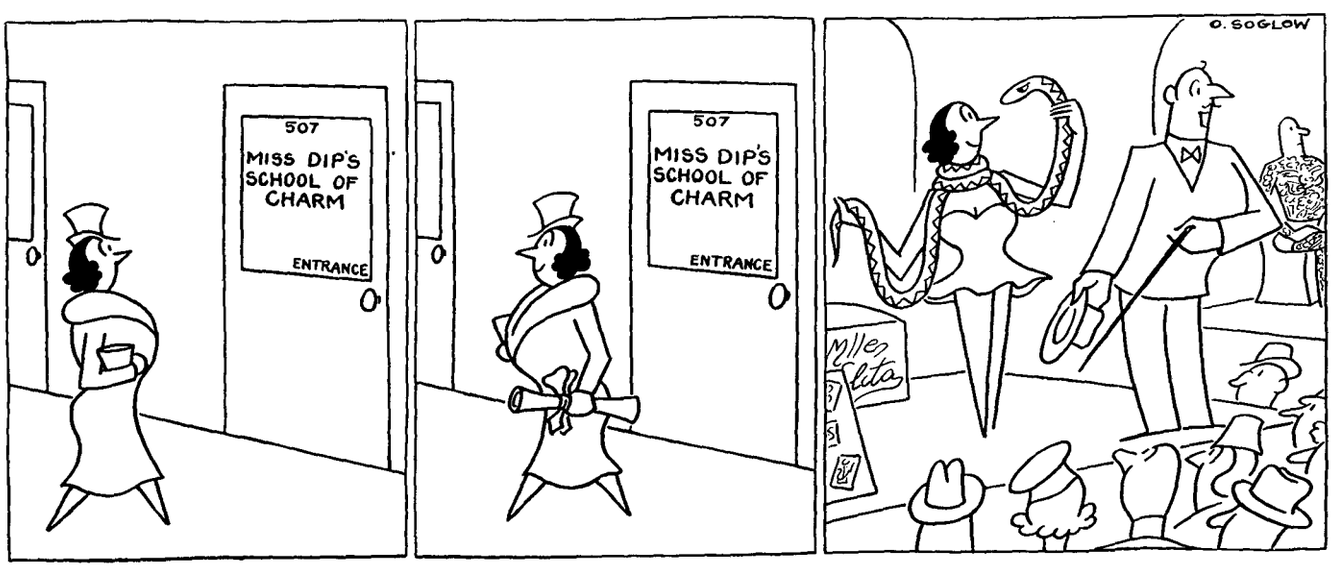
MR. SAROYAN has explained himself with such persistence that I suppose there is nothing to say of a new book by him except that it is available to all those who happen to have the key to his mind.

"Razzle-Dazzle" is a collection of sixteen short plays, ballets, and vaudeville acts. It also contains numerous prefaces of a pronouncedly autobiographical nature. In these, Mr. Saroyan showers the human race with love and sympathy, at the same time pouring scorn upon its various constituents, even down to such minor groups as ping-pong players.

I do not understand these plays because I am not alive, in Mr. Saroyan's sense of the term. I believe, that is, in certain dead notions. I believe that definite causes often produce definite effects, that much behavior is logical, that the world is real apart from myself, that one of the purposes of the drama is to portray recognizable human beings in action, and that wackiness is not wisdom. Mr. Saroyan has no patience with such petrified ideas, and "Razzle-Dazzle" is a fitting expression of his impatience.

THE many who liked Nina Fedorova's "The Family" will be glad to know that its sequel, quite properly titled "The Children," offers more of the same. Here again, with some picturesque additions, are her poverty-stricken, highhearted White Russian refugees, caught in a dark pocket of history, living out their seemingly hopeless lives in Tientsin and Harbin in 1938. Some of them are a little touched, as well they might be, some are bitter and selfish, but most of them retain sweetness, courage, and a supreme talent for human relationships. These are the people who have been swept aside, and yet—this is the author's faith—who may inherit the earth after the "pure" races have exterminated each other. A somewhat unrealistic view, perhaps, but developed with considerable charm, wistful humor, and imagination.

Nina Fedorova's English is a trifle shaky and she is innocent of any feeling for the structure of a novel. Her book



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must be read as a collection of character sketches bound together by the author's temperament and recalling, though on a smaller scale, the enormous humanity of her predecessors, the great Russian novelists.

IN the same vein as Richard Wright's "Native Son" and packing much of its powerful, unwelcome wallop is Nelson Algren's "Never Come Morning," (about the most irritatingly unrememberable title of the season). Mr. Algren's people are the Poles of Chicago's West Side, propelled by poverty into crime or close to it, reckless because they have nothing to lose, unassimilated because little effort is made to assimilate them, a focus for social and political infection. Mr. Algren writes with calculated and relentless brutality, sparing neither his miserable characters nor his horrified readers.

He is out to shock, but he does so without seeming to sensationalize. At any rate, I, for one, found myself believing his hellish descriptions of police lineups, jail inmates, street murders, and life as lived in a cheap brothel. An ugly, effective slice of low life, carrying plenty of concealed and, one hopes, salutary propaganda.—CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

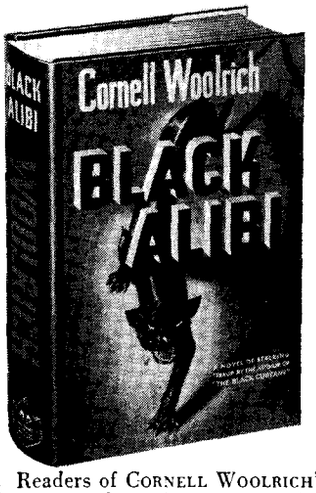
FICTION

THE STRONG CITY, by Taylor Caldwell. The story of a young German boy who, by a combination of hard work and shady dealing, rises to power and wealth in the American steel industry during the late nineteenth century. The author evidently intended an analysis of the German character—its lust for power, its sentimentality and ruthlessness, its love of order—but unfortunately, in spite of numerous "strong" scenes, many extraordinary characters, and a great deal of plot, nobody in the book is real.

BEND IN THE RIVER, AND OTHER STORIES, by Jan Valtin. A group of stories and sketches written while Mr. Valtin was a prisoner in San Quentin, while he was learning to write in English, and while he was voraciously reading anything he could get hold of, beginning with Jack London and Conrad. Therefore the stories, though based on varied and interesting experiences, are derivative and awkward, obviously written by a man with a talent which has not yet developed.

THE MIDNIGHT READER, edited, with a sound introduction, by Philip Van

When CORNELL WOOLRICH was nine years old he saw a black jaguar on a South American coffee plantation. He never forgot it. In fact, he brooded about it. Last year he decided he'd better pass the haunt along and so he wrote *Black Alibi*. Take a look at the jacket reproduced below. The artist, suffering from shock and severe chills, drew it ten minutes after he finished reading the manuscript. That'll give you some idea.



Readers of CORNELL WOOLRICH's two previous hair-whitening novels—*The Bride Wore Black* and *The Black Curtain*—will know that he was just the man for the job. A ferocious beast loose in the city; a series of brutal horrifying murders; the rising hysteria of fear; and then one hard-headed citizen who doubted the black alibi and set out to find a human murderer. What WOOLRICH can do with this kind of a theme shouldn't happen to a jaguar.

Of *The Bride Wore Black*, *Newsweek* wrote: "A brilliant tour de force."

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THE STRENGTH OF NATIONS, by George Soule. The author, who feels that the social sciences haven't given us much help with our major problems, analyzes some of their possible applications and suggests that the social scientist should, like the physician, take his place in the active life of the community. Worth reading, though much of the material is familiar.

JEFFERSON, by Saul K. Padover. Well-organized biography of our third President, in which the author stresses the tug of war between the private scholar and the public servant in Jefferson and indicates his importance as the leader who established the democratic mode in American government. Incongruously slangy or oversimplified here and there, but on the whole sensibly written, with many moving passages and fresh insights. Illustrated.

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, by Francis Trevelyan Miller. The brilliant record of our commander in the Southwestern Pacific, whose life story begins at an Arkansas Army post in 1880 and runs through half a dozen campaigns. Disappointingly gushy and amateurish writing, but the author seems to have done some original research. Introduction by Lowell Thomas. Illustrated.

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BETWEEN THE SHEETS
SIDE CAR

Creme de Cacao

COMMODORE
ALEXANDER
ANGEL'S TIP

De Kuyper cordials are made today in America identically as in Holland by Dutch experts carefully trained by the de Kuyper family. For generations past, people here and abroad have known and loved these fine cordials as ideal after-dinner liqueurs. Today they are equally famous for making delicious cocktails. On this page, expert mixers give you fifteen recipes for smart drinks made with de Kuyper cordials.

Cherry Liqueur (50 PROOF)

POUSSE CAFE: ¼ de Kuyper Cherry Liqueur, ¼ de Kuyper Creme de Menthe, ¼ de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, ¼ de Kuyper Triple Sec (or de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur). Use liqueur glass and pour ingredients carefully in order listed above so that they do not mix.

SINGAPORE GIN SLING: Juice of ½ lemon, dash of bitters, 1 oz. de Kuyper Cherry Liqueur, 2 oz. gin, garnish with cherry. Fill with club soda.

NORTH POLE: ½ de Kuyper Cherry Liqueur, ½ gin, juice of ½ lemon, 1 white of egg. Shake with ice, strain in claret glass, with whipped cream on top.

Apricot Liqueur (74 PROOF)

APRI-COOLER: 1¼ oz. de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur, in a 10-oz. glass, juice of ½ lemon. Stir with ice. Fill with club soda.

PARADISE: ½ gin, ⅜ de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur. Shake well with ice, strain.

NATIONALE: ½ rum, ¼ de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur, ¼ pineapple juice. Shake well with ice, strain, decorate with pineapple stick and cherry.

Creme De Menthe (60 PROOF)

FRAPPE: Fill frappe glass with shaved or crushed ice, pour in de Kuyper Creme de Menthe.

STINGER: ½ de Kuyper Creme de Menthe (white), ⅔ brandy. Shake with ice, strain.

LONG GREEN: Fill Tom Collins glass with cracked ice, pour in 1½ oz. de Kuyper Creme de Menthe. Fill with soda.

Triple Sec (80 PROOF)

WHITE LADY: ⅓ de Kuyper Triple Sec, ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ gin. Shake with ice, strain.

BETWEEN THE SHEETS: ⅓ de Kuyper Triple Sec, ⅓ brandy, ⅓ gin. Add a dash of lemon juice if desired. Shake with ice, strain.

SIDE CAR: ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ brandy, ⅓ de Kuyper Triple Sec. Shake with ice, strain.

Creme De Cacao (60 PROOF)

COMMODORE: ⅓ de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, ⅓ rye or bourbon whiskey, ⅓ lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grenadine. Shake well with ice, strain, serve in champagne glass.

ALEXANDER: ¼ de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, ½ gin, ¼ sweet cream. Shake well with ice, strain.

ANGEL'S TIP: Fill a liqueur glass ⅔ full with de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, add a little sweet cream, pour slowly onto a spoon, float the cream.

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